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THE NATION

OCTOBER 5, 1974 50 cents

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'With All Due Respect . . .'

STONEWALL COLBY OF THE CIA

Robert Sherrill

WHO *IS* DR. GRODER?

Alarms on the Prison Grapevine

Mark Pinsky

DOMESTIC AIRLINES

Pampered Buzzards

Thomas De Baggio

Robert Speaight's 'Georges Bernanos'

Joseph Cunneen

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LETTERS

Lovestone's bonfire

Arlington, Va.

B.J. Widick's excellent critique of AFL-CIO foreign operations ["Exit Lovestone the Alienator," *The Nation*, Sept. 7] optimistically concludes that Jay Lovestone's retirement as director of the AFL-CIO international affairs department "is one obstacle removed" if labor chooses to join the rest of the country in ending the cold war. Perhaps. But before we cheer, two observations:

Despite Lovestone's reputation as an international manipulator (one he consciously cultivated, and I state on the basis of first-hand observation that this guy truly is spookier than Halloween), George Meany set AFL-CIO foreign policy. If theirs indeed was a Bergen-McCarthy relationship, it was Lovestone who sat on the knee.

Lovestone's replacement is a charming, if taciturn, former Marine major named Ernest Lee. As far as I can determine, Lee brings two qualifications to his job: he speaks fluent English, and he is George Meany's son-in-law.

Unfortunately, future historians will have little more than speculation to go by when they write about what Lovestone *actually did* during his years as Meany's Kissinger. During a chat a few years back I asked Lovestone what he intended to do with his personal papers when he finally retired. "Build the goddamnedest bonfire you ever saw," he said. "There's stuff in them that will be too hot to publish centuries from now." *Joseph C. Goulden*

qualified praise

San Francisco, Calif.

At a time when all the labor news thought fit to print could be copied on the back of a dues authorization card, *The Nation* is to be congratulated for devoting a whole issue [Sept. 7] to the state of the unions. Not to be congratulated, however, are two of your contributors.

One need not be a supporter of I.W. Abel's increasingly collaborationist policies to regard George Bogdanich's article on the United Steelworkers as a hatchet job. What Bogdanich, Lynd and the rest of the Chicago militants fail to recognize is that a strike is not merely an assertion of class militancy and class consciousness. It is also an economic weapon in the collective bargaining process. Like all weapons, it has costs, and should be employed to achieve benefits. Although cost-effectiveness is not the only criterion in evaluating a strike strategy, effectiveness must be a relevant consideration. Given the chronic overcapacity of the U.S. steel industry, one wonders how effective a weapon a steel strike could possibly be, and whether the USW gave away much when they promised not to throw management into that particular briar patch.

Second, I have always regarded the use of the phrase "so-called" as a cheap shot, and a rather brazen attempt to pervert the language for partisan purposes. Emil Mazey's remarks about "so-called intellectuals" are no exception, and represent a sort of creeping newspeakism. That particular phrase has a distinguished lineage, from Joe McCarthy to George Wallace, and now to Mazey, one of labor's so-called leaders. (See how easy it is, once you get the hang of it?) . . . *David Looman*

wrong name

New York City

In the most interesting article, "The Hot River Valley" [*The Nation*, Aug. 3] the Natural Resources Defense Council was miscalled the *"National* Resources Defense Council". . . . I might add that the Natural Resources Defense Council has done great work, particularly in sustaining a most difficult (and costly) drive directed at the Atomic Energy Commission, to protect effectively the American public against plutonium dangers. *J. Meiers*

EDITORIALS

Kennedy Steps Aside

Sen. Edward Kennedy is greatly to be commended for his action, at a press conference in Boston on September 23, in firmly removing himself from consideration as a Presidential candidate in 1976. His statement was brief, unequivocal and dignified.

He emphasized concern for his family as the main reason for his decision, and it is certainly true that Senator Kennedy right now has more urgent domestic problems than anyone needs, with both his wife and his son undergoing intensive medical treatment. But it was a political decision, and the political reasons which led to it are just as compelling as family or personal considerations.

Mr. Kennedy has frequently been identified as a unifying figure in his party, with uniquely broad appeal reaching black and white, rich and poor, factory and university, East and Midwest. True, but ironically he had lately become a divisive force as well. Those who were not strongly for him were as strongly against him, with roughly equal numbers on both sides. He stirred strong emotions wherever he appeared: he was booed in Boston (a novel experience for a Kennedy), attacked in Indiana, and finally asked to stay away from California by the Democratic gubernatorial candidate, Edmund G. Brown Jr., whom he had offered to help.

The Chappaquiddick tragedy is in part responsible for the ambivalence with which the Senator is viewed by Democrats. But not entirely, by any means. Since Robert Kennedy's assassination more than six years ago, the figure of Edward Kennedy has silently bestrode Democratic Presidential politics. There was an ill-conceived last-minute effort in 1968 to induce him to step into his brother's shoes, and a more concerted attempt to get him to run in 1972. In between, Edward Kennedy has always been there, a formidable figure in the political background. Imminence is a pose that cannot be held too long without becoming oppressive, and the Kennedy posture has had an inhibitory effect upon the development of new, fresh national talents in the party.

Whether one considers his firm ruling out of his candidacy as an act of unselfishness and self-sacrifice or of political necessity, it was surely a well-considered and timely move. By closing the door on himself, he has opened doors to many potential fine prospects across the country—not just in the Senate and the Statehouses but outside the political field as well.

Edward Kennedy will continue to be one of the most valuable men in the Senate, both to his home state and the country. It is to be hoped that he will also, having removed himself from consideration, nevertheless play a guiding role in the selection of his party's 1976 candidate. The Democrats need desperately to bring forward new faces, develop new national leadership; the Senator from Massachusetts has thoughtfully provided both the time and the motivation to do so.

He himself has time; in 1984—three Presidential years hence—Kennedy will be only 52 years old.

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Does Kissinger Have Tenure?

On Kissinger's capabilities as a super-diplomat President Ford and his predecessor are entirely agreed, and that tells us a great deal about Kissinger and his two chief sponsors. (One may add Vice President-designate Rockefeller, whose protégé Kissinger was when he first came to the attention of Nixon.) A current report has Nixon telephoning Ford to express the hope that Kissinger would remain as Secretary of State. One would have thought the call hardly necessary. Mr. Ford has little first-hand knowledge of foreign relations and one of his first acts—even before he took the oath of office—was to assure nervous Americans that Mr. Kissinger would remain in office. It was done with a haste that recalls the ritual endorsements of J. Edgar Hoover, as President succeeded President from Roosevelt to Nixon.

It has been said by other Americans, with possibly more reason for apprehension, that it is beyond the capacity of the United States to act as the world's policeman. So it is, but the appellation is misleading. We have never used our military and economic power in the cause of peace and order in the world—at any rate not since the end of World War II. Our every effort has been to contain and, so far as possible, to crush communism wherever it raised its head. And our definition of communism abroad has been about as inclusive as it was in domestic politics during the McCarthy era. Conversely, we have supported right-wing dictatorships as natural allies in our *Kampf* against communism. In this series of crusades, Henry Kissinger has been a leader since 1970.

He could not perform such Herculean tasks all by himself, of course, and the CIA (see Robert Sherrill's account, p. 300) has been his chosen instrument much of the time. But both the CIA and Kissinger may have overreached themselves in Chile, and if justice were to be served Kissinger might be in as much danger of impeachment before the end of 1974 as Nixon was toward the end of 1973. The facts about the American role in the overthrow of the Allende regime are well known and undisputed. Kissinger's leadership in this enterprise, spanning most of the Nixon administration, is likewise clear. He was and is chairman of the 40 Committee, the high-level panel in charge of the CIA's covert actions, of which the subversion of the Allende regime is an outstanding but not atypical example; it just happens to be the most recent and the most bloody. The focus, therefore, should be not on the CIA, which was only doing what it has done right along, but on Kissinger.

Liberals are particularly susceptible to his particular brand of hornswoggling, since he is regarded as an educated man with liberal leanings. Did he not go to Peking and Moscow to take the first steps toward détente? Did he not prepare the way for Nixon to achieve peace in our time? And doesn't he take the trouble—sometimes—to explain matters of high diplomacy to newsmen? Well, not quite. The steps he takes, before and after giving his version of motives and events, are usually quite different from his explications.

Kissinger is a man secretive well beyond the requirements of his activities, and one can only conjecture as to his motives. The immediate question is whether, the Chile

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Company and copyright 1974 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014. Tel: CH 2-8400. Second class postage paid at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Price: One year $15; two years, $27.50. Add $1 per year postage for Canada and Mexico; $2 other foreign.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Manuscripts. All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by stamped, self-addressed envelopes.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION

Volume 219
No. 10

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mission being accomplished, Kissinger and Co. committed perjury in justifying themselves to Congressional committees. And, further, whether Kissinger and the CIA should be allowed to engage in future conspiracies of this type. President Ford has, in effect, said yes. The next move is up to the Congress, and perhaps the courts.

Oil Flows Toward Money

During debate over enabling legislation for the trans-Alaska oil pipeline, many Senators and Representatives expressed fears that a pipeline from the North Slope to Valdez, a coastal port, would enable oil companies to ship some of the crude oil to Japan in tankers.

These fears were reflected in the legislation, passed last year. The act states: "Before any crude oil . . . may be exported . . . the President must make and publish an express finding that such exports will not diminish the quality and quantity of petroleum available to the United States." The act also provides that Congress may override Presidential permission to export Alaskan crude.

These export provisions in the legislation are supposed to give the people of the United States control of domestically produced oil. They may not. While the United States may be able to stop the multinationals from shipping Alaskan crude to Japan, present legislation does not prevent export of products refined from that oil.

Could the Western United States become an "energy colony" of Japan? Expectation of a surplus of oil in that area, technological trends in the oil and oil-transport industries and a recent announcement by the American Petroleum Institute combine to accentuate the possibility. Surplus oil is widely expected on the West Coast after petroleum begins to flow through the pipeline in 1977 or 1978. Flow will begin at 600,000 barrels a day, and rise to 2 million barrels a day by about 1980. The size of the surplus depends on demand and other factors. If an oil "glut" does develop on the West Coast between 1980 and 1985, as anticipated, what would the companies do with it? They could ship it by pipeline and tanker via Panama to the East and Gulf Coasts. This oil might be subject to stringent price controls, a possibility that would become likely if Watergate produces a strongly Democratic executive and Congress in 1976.

The oil companies also could build another expensive and environmentally controversial pipeline from the West Coast to the Midwest, or join segments of new pipeline to existing lines which usually carry crude from east to west. Again, the companies would refine and sell it under whatever price controls then existed.

The same companies could seek permission from the President and Congress to export crude oil to Japan, where it may bring handsome prices. They may not get it from an "unfriendly" President and Congress. Or the oil could be refined domestically, then leaked to Japan through the "loophole" in the pipeline law.

Refinery capacity on the United States West Coast will expand much faster than that in other areas of the country between now and 1977, according to a survey of oil companies by the American Petroleum Institute. The API announced early this year that oil companies plan to add 541,500 barrels of capacity on the West Coast, compared to 380,500 on the Texas Gulf Coast, 298,000 on the East Coast, 290,000 on the Louisiana Gulf Coast, 226,800 in the Indiana-Illinois-Kentucky refining area and "smaller increases in other areas."

At the same time that this extraordinary increase in refinery capacity is being planned, the cost of transporting oil and refined products is declining as a proportion of the total price "at the pump." As prices for oil at the wellhead have risen sharply, supertanker technology has reduced costs of transportation. These trends weaken a traditional industry axiom that oil should be refined as close to market areas as possible.

In public, spokesmen dismiss any possibility that their companies are preparing an option of refining oil in the United States for export to Japan. Privately, other company economists and planners confirm that such an alternative is becoming "economically feasible."

Debate over such exports may initiate efforts to close the "loophole" in the pipeline act. Such a debate must start soon, to show what may happen to the anticipated surplus of oil and to prove to the multinationals that they cannot make, in secret, plans affecting the welfare of millions of persons.

BRUCE JOHANSEN
Energy and the Environment, *The Seattle Times*

British Fascism?

It may sound like a screwball question, but it is getting widespread coverage in the British press and had better be taken seriously. One must not forget that Hitler's rise to power was paralleled by strong pro-Nazi sentiment among upper-class Britons, augmented by a large section of the middle class. Hence Munich. And Britain was not then economically afflicted, as it is now.

The situation will grow clearer after the impending general election, but formation of paramilitary organizations cannot be dismissed, as Prime Minister Wilson has tried to dismiss them, as the work of "superannuated colonels." *The Times* of London has warned editorially that these organizations, impotent though they may be at the moment, reflect the deepening anxieties of Britons who have a stake in the present order of society, as well as those who fear any change, however equitable and inevitable. Nor is it certain that the traditional British passion for democracy can avail against the racism that has been exploited by Enoch Powell and his followers, and the anti-Communist hysteria easily stirred up under the chaotic conditions Britain has been experiencing with both Tory and Labour governments.

The big labor unions succeeded in ousting Heath, but Wilson, even if he gets a clear mandate from the electorate, is unlikely to be more successful at solving the problems of Catholic-Protestant conflict in Ulster, the staggering inflation rate, and all the rest of it. So the stage is set for the cry for a "leader," a military dictatorship, or anything but parliamentary government.

In preparation, we behold Sir Walter Walker, no superannuated colonel but the former NATO Commander in Chief in Northern Europe, declaiming in the *Daily Telegraph*: "We are not going to sit and watch these political bully boys, these trade union Communists and Fascists and those wretched young anarchists bring Britain to her

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knees. The politicians haven't the fire in their bellies to tackle the problem. So it is up to us, the people of this land . . . to prepare for action. . . ." Walker's is only one of several organizations with such objectives.

"Fascists" is obviously inserted for the customary appeal to the middle class, which wants neither communism nor fascism but, in extremity, will invariably choose fascism. Walker himself is violently anti-Communist. It is all talk so far, and Walker disavows any intention of leading a coup. Whoever takes over, if it comes to that, will not call himself a Fascist. Hitler plunged the world into war and murdered 6 million Jews under the banner of the National Socialist German Workers Party.

The Baltimore Gun Bounty

If you walk into police headquarters in Baltimore with a firearm in working order they will give you a bounty of $50 and no questions asked. The other day a man came in and plunked down a weighty bag containing nine handguns. Three were not in working order, but the man left with $300 in cash in return for the other six.

To date, the city has collected some 12,000 firearms under this program, at a cost of $600,000. An auxiliary program, involving a payment of $100 for information leading to the confiscation of an illegal weapon, has not caught on, but the Baltimore police officials are convinced that many more weapons—the most dangerous ones—will be obtained in this way when Baltimore's "street community" is persuaded that the police will not divulge the names of informants.

Most of the guns collected are family-owned and people surrender them to pick up a little cash. In the aggregate, however, the cost is substantial and the city cannot keep on buying guns without outside assistance. The federal Law Enforcement Assistance Administration recently turned down the city's request for $648,000 to continue the program. The reason given was that the manufacture, sale and possession of guns are authorized by law and the commodity can be replenished "without limitation." Baltimore has appealed the decision to Attorney General Saxbe, pointing out that cheap handguns which used to cost $35 on the street now sell for $60 or $65.

The police don't contend that the program will keep guns out of the hands of hardened criminals, who need them to stay in business. Most of the guns the police are collecting were kept in people's homes. Weapons in that category are sometimes stolen by kids who then commit robberies; others are used in family arguments—in Baltimore 45 per cent of murders are committed in the home. Since the program was initiated, there has been a 20 per cent drop in crimes involving guns.

The possession of a licensed gun may be perilous. Recently in New York City a gunman was robbing passengers in a descending elevator. The elevator stopped for another passenger, who happened to be a jeweler with a licensed gun in his pocket. He tried to draw it; the gunman fired, killed him and escaped. The precinct captain pointed to the obvious conclusion: when confronted by a man with his weapon ready to fire, it is suicidal to do anything but submit.

The Baltimore experiment is worth continuing. Attorney General Saxbe declares that the crime problem is "a failure of substantial dimensions—harsh, bitter and dismaying." Mathematicians at M.I.T. have calculated that a randomly selected baby born this year in a typical American city—say Detroit or Cleveland—has a substantial chance of dying by homicide. On a "rather optimistic" hypothesis, the odds of his being murdered are one in 69. On a "mildly pessimistic" set of assumptions he has one chance in 14 of being murdered. Striking an average, he is more likely to die by murder than an American soldier in World War II was to die in combat.

The ideological dispute between liberals and conservatives about the roles of heredity and environment in predisposing individuals to crime is pointless. Both sets of factors play a role. This does not mean that ghetto conditions do not breed crime: of course they do. All it means is that the problem is multidimensional.

Guns are one factor, and the most readily manageable. We should start picking them up and discouraging their proliferation. This should be done by strict federal legislation, uniform and firmly enforced. But one step at a time, and Baltimore has taken that first step.

The Word For It

me.di.oc'.ra.cy; *n., pl.* -cies. [<L. *medius,* middle;+<Gr. *kratos,* rule], 1. government by officials of mediocre ability. 2. the officials collectively. -me'.di.o.crat; *n.* -me'.di.o.crat'ic, *adj.*

A mediocracy is a system in which the weakest functional person is employed to fill a given position. If an institution is to become a mediocracy, several conditions must be met: (*1*) a job must have functional, if not statutory tenure; (*2*) the work involved must not be subject to objective evaluation; (*3*) provision must exist for rectifying misappointment or any radical increase in the complexity of the job.

Mediocracies and mediocrats are necessarily very conservative. They arise in either the public or private sector. Nepotism is not at all inimical to them.

The mediocrat fears responsibility far more than he seeks authority. Decisions are therefore diffused through the use of advisory boards, committees, commissions, staff consultations, the employment of consultants (perhaps the consummate mediocrats) and similar devices. In a mature, smoothly running mediocracy, it is virtually impossible to pinpoint responsibility for a decision. If a mediocrat becomes unable to cope with his job, he is frequently promoted to a staff position. At high levels this may occur between different mediocracies.

An institution's mediocratic character may change radically in response to changing demands. The military tends to be highly mediocratic during peacetime; however, war can rectify this situation rather quickly.

Mediocracies are very dependent on competent support personnel such as secretaries, dispatchers, programmers, technicians and the like. Behind their competency a marginal mediocrat may hide almost indefinitely.

It is difficult to identify mediocratic institutions in a stable social and economic environment; their innate deficiencies become manifest under the stress of recession, social upheaval, war or other displacements. C.M. FRYE

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WHO *IS* DR. GRODER?

Alarms on the Prison Grapevine

MARK PINSKY

Butner, N.C.

For more than three years, the federal prison grapevine has been humming with tales of a secret chamber of horrors being built in this tiny, central North Carolina town, just off Interstate Highway 95. From Leavenworth, Kan., to Lorton, Va., federal inmates have demanded that construction of the facility be halted and the project abandoned. Now more than 50 per cent complete, the $13.5 million Federal Center for Correctional Research is scheduled to open in April 1975.

The Center, critics have charged from the outset, is slated to become a *Clockwork Orange* think tank, featuring aversion therapy, lobotomies and sensory deprivation, as well as massive drug and shock therapy—practices currently in use at state facilities in Vacaville, Calif., Somers, Conn. and Patuxent, Md. Troublemakers, particularly political troublemakers, from all over the federal system were allegedly going to be sent to Butner to have their brains washed and, in some cases, rebuilt.

Initially, many of these claims appeared valid. The original master plan for the facility (then called the U.S. Behavorial Research Center) stated that candidates for the institution would be those defined as "management problems beyond the capacity of other correctional institutions"; specifically, "members of minority groups, high security risks, overly passive follower types, alcoholic felons, drug addicts and sexually assaultive inmates." Another U.S. Bureau of Prisons document cited the existence of "pharmaceutical companies" in the nearby Research Triangle Park, located between the cities of Raleigh, Durham and Chapel Hill. The choice of Butner itself was considered sinister, as it is already the site of the state mental hospital, a youthful offenders' camp, an alcoholic facility and a mental retardation treatment center.

Designated "Program Development Coordinator," i.e., warden, of the Federal Center for Correctional Research was Dr. Martin Groder, a 34-year-old *Wunderkind* of the U.S. prison system, described as a "federal torturer" by *Prisoners' Digest International*. The magazine, an inmate-focused publication, claimed that Groder had in mind for Butner a program aimed at "experimenting on human guinea pigs, searching for a method to crush the spirit of the people." Several other publications have described him as a modern-day Dr. Frankenstein. Again and again, Groder has denied the published charges about the Center. Half the facility, he said, was slated to become "an acute care mental hospital for federal inmates on the East Coast, with no research function." At the research section which, he asserted, would be entirely separate, there would be no political prisoners, no aversion therapy, no psychosurgery, no sensory deprivation, drugs or shocks. In addition, he pledged that all inmates at Butner would be there voluntarily, under the legal doctrine known as "informed consent," that he hoped it would be an "open institution" and that the research program would be a "joint venture" with inmates and the local communities of central North Carolina. On the question of behavior modification, he was unequivocal. "I am not a behavior modifier. I don't do behavior modification. I'm not trained in it."

For the stream of journalists, Congressional investigators and civil libertarians trooping down to North Carolina to look into the rumors, there the matter stood—a list of near fantastic charges circulated by inmate organizations, versus the calm, categorical denials of Dr. Groder. Then, on February 14, 1974, an investigating team from the United Church of Christ came to Durham, where Groder maintains an office.

Most of the eight-member team, organized by the church's Commission on Racial Justice, were black; they included several ministers, a psychologist, a prison activist, a lawyer, two psychiatrists and even a silver-haired representative of the National Association for Justice, Jimmy Hoffa's prison reform organization. Each had done extensive research into Groder's career and the history of the Butner facility, and they came armed with documentation. Groder agreed to meet with the investigators for two reasons. First, the denomination is by far the most respectable and broad-based of Butner's critics; and second, the charges it has circulated in a mass mailing to its members have been among the most serious, namely that Dr. Groder intends to turn out "modern-day robots." In the same letter, the Commission on Racial Justice predicted that "prisoners will be chosen and shipped from around the country to Butner, N.C., to be experimented on—many will never be heard from again."

The day before the meeting began at a local motel, Groder went on the offensive, telling a reporter for the Durham *Morning Herald* that the authors of the letter were "hatemongers." As a psychological ploy, the insult failed. For, over a two-day period, as Groder submitted himself to eight hours of round-robin cross-examination by members of the team, he found himself continually back-pedaling:

¶The description of the research unit in the original master plan was accurate, he admitted, but no longer operative. Mentioning the proximity of drug laboratories, he said, was a "stupid statement." The placement of a mental hospital, a treatment facility, on the same grounds as the research unit was less of a new concept than a "historical accident." While the research unit would be drug and shock free, the hospital section would not.

¶When asked whether there had been any black participation on any level in the planning of the Butner center, which he estimated would be 30 to 50 per cent black, Groder said "there hasn't been any." The same went for inmate and community groups.

¶The research unit at Butner would be voluntary (the

Mark Pinsky, formerly with the Associated Press in Raleigh, is now a free-lance journalist.

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hospital never was) only if enough inmates designated as eligible by computer volunteered (those eligible were defined as male inmates between 18 to 50, within three years of parole, already serving time or with family connections within a day's drive of Butner). If there aren't enough volunteers, according to a letter from U.S. Bureau of Prisons Director Norman Carlson to Sen. Sam Ervin (D., N.C.), inmates would be selected and assigned to the institution. Groder acknowledged the existence of the letter to the commission, and told one member that although involuntary assignment would change the concept of the research facility, he would still be willing to serve as warden.

¶Groder also admitted that political prisoners serving sentences of at least six years were not considered ineligible, and that he was not a behavior modifier except "in the [B.F.] Skinnerian sense."

The most sweeping criticism of the session came from Dr. Peter Breggin, an activist psychiatrist with the Center for the Study of Psychiatry in Washington, D.C. Breggin referred to the Butner facility as "Groder's playground" and "the cutting edge of therapeutic totalitarianism."

"Even if Dr. Groder were a saint," he said, "a psychiatrist should not be in charge of a penal institution. . . . If a warden were to submit a prisoner to electric shock —regardless of the reason—it would be considered cruel and unusual punishment. If a prison psychiatrist administers electric shock, it's called therapy."

By the close of the second day's hearings, Dr. Groder wasn't doing so well himself. Normally soft-spoken and unflappable, used to being in control of any group, he became defensive and even started to raise his voice. His responses ranged from far-fetched pledges ("I will not be practicing psychiatry in this institution") to exhausted admissions ("you just got me on that."). Asked at one point for a definition of mental illness, he sighed, "Well, mental illness is a squishy topic." Finally, Dr. Groder lashed out at the commissioners: "I just don't like to be talked to this way."

"How dare you?" snapped Breggin. "Compared to what you do to people in your groups, this is child's play. Everyone here has been cordial and polite. Too cordial and too polite as far as I'm concerned. You're a goddamned hypocrite, Dr. Groder."

Who *is* Martin Groder and why is everyone saying such terrible things about him—and his prison?

Well, he doesn't look anything like Boris Karloff or any of the film representations of the mad scientist. He's a large, pudgy young man, given to wisecracks and outrageously mod outfits. His receding, close-cropped hairline gives his head the appearance of a big pink football with jug handle ears. He has an insistent smile and, always choosing his words with careful precision, speaks in a consciously restrained tone of voice.

After graduating from Columbia University Medical School in 1964, Groder attended the Langley Porter Neuropsychiatric Institute at the University of California, Berkeley. In the middle 1960s the Bay Area was an exciting place to be, from Free Speech to Flower Power, and the heady atmosphere of "involvement" infected young Dr. Groder. In 1966, he wandered into San Francisco

Synanon, the self-help drug rehabilitation project, where he recalls he spent the next eighteen months "hanging around." When he finished his training at Langley Porter, Groder traded in a reserve commission in the Air Force for one in the U.S. Public Health Service, in large part to avoid being sent to Vietnam ("I just wasn't interested in going"). The service sent him to the federal penitentiary at Marion, Ill., an assignment he didn't particularly covet at the time ("I didn't get into prison by choice," he told a Duke University Law School audience, "I was sent.").

While at Marion, Dr. Groder became interested in the emerging concept of Transactional Analysis, first popularized in Dr. Eric Berne's *Games People Play*. Using transactional analysis "game theory" and techniques taken from Synanon, Groder developed an inmate program at Marion known as Askelepieon (Greek, for Temple of Healing). He describes the Askelepieon program as "a therapeutic community based on a self-help program."

When asked about Askelepieon during the Durham hearings, Groder insisted that it was not aimed at "behavior modification," although two of its stated objectives were "social control" and "fundamental change in personality and life style." Within the dynamic of the group, each inmate was subjected to "group attack" and forced to "defend his own image or change it." A member of the Prisoners' Coalition in Marion who was not a part of Askelepieon has written to the United Nations, claiming that the program was little more than "brainwashing." Dr. Breggin charged that the purpose of Askelepieon was

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"to humiliate and demean" members of the therapy group who knew that "only Dr. Groder had the keys to get out." Reporters trying to verify these and other charges have had great difficulty finding graduates of Askelepieon to interview. One graduate was hacked to death in the yard at Marion; another works as one of Groder's top aides.

Largely on the basis of his "success" with Askelepieon, Dr. Groder was appointed to head the new facility at Butner, originally scheduled to open in 1973. Since that time, Groder has maintained temporary offices in Durham, where he and his family now live. When not showing visitors around Durham or the Butner site, or speaking at local university forums, Dr. Groder has taken a keen interest in community affairs. He is, for example, on the board of directors of the Durham chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union, as he was in Marion.

In Durham, his rise within the ranks of transactional analysis has almost overshadowed his Butner identification. Notably, he is acknowledged by name in the preface of Thomas Harris' *I'm OK, You're OK*, Dr. Berne's last book, *What Do You Say After You Say Hello*, and *Games Alcoholics Play*. He is also on the editorial board of the *Transactional Analysis Journal*. On the strength of this celebrity (he is sometimes referred to as "the Wizard of T.A."), Dr. Groder has insinuated himself into powerful positions in the Durham mental health establishment, including community clinics, drug programs and various local transactional analysis training programs. Therapists who have attended sessions where Groder has presided describe him as a "genius" and "an expert manipulator."

A week after the visit by the United Church of Christ's investigating team, Dr. Groder was still smarting. Interviewed in his office above the Durham draft board, he referred to the proceedings as a "circus," where "everybody looks like a clown."

Once again, he outlined his plans for the research unit at the Federal Center for Correctional Research. There are to be 200 inmate volunteers, broken down into four groups of fifty. One group will go through an Askelepieon-type program, a second through a program involving psychodrama, a third will experience "rational therapy" and a fourth, something called the "human resources development model," which relies heavily on physical development. Groder is still short on specifics about all of the programs except the Askelepieon type, saying frankly that they are "intentionally vague," and that some may even be dropped before the facility opens. All he will say for certain is that they each involve "confrontation groups" that are aimed at the "false front image" common to "losers." Vocational training and recreational activities are also to be integrated into all programs.

Physically, Butner will be unlike any other federal prison. A double cyclone fence will replace the traditional walls and there will be no guard towers. Perimeter security is to be maintained by two patrol cars circling the 42-acre compound. Inmates in the research facility will live in four modular, air-conditioned, fifty-bed units, each with thirty-eight single rooms and a twelve-bed dormitory. The single rooms, under normal circumstances, will be able to be locked only from the inside and inmates will have individual control of room lights. Also on the grounds are two recreational buildings. Groder insists that there will be no "segregation unit" (a claim specifically disputed by the United Church of Christ), that, instead, temporarily violent inmates will be locked in their rooms. He also maintains that under no circumstances will there be movement of prisoners between the hospital and research unit.

There are a number of somewhat bizarre, futuristic touches to the facility, to be sure. The windows in the single rooms, while unbarred, are made of clear, industrial plastic which cannot be opened or broken. Surveillance outside the modular residences, but inside the fences, will be electronic and—in some cases—underground. The administration building of the prison is outside the fences.

Since the visit to Durham of the United Church of Christ's investigating team in February, Dr. Groder has appeared before the House Subcommittee on Courts, Civil Liberties and the Administration of Justice, headed by Rep. Robert Kastenmeier (D., Wis.), where he maintained a singularly low profile. In March, investigators from the ACLU's National Prison Project visited Durham and Butner. Following that visit, they wrote, in part:

> It is apparent that Dr. Groder has not yet determined the actual procedures to be utilized in accepting transfers into the mental health unit, selecting and transferring research subjects into the research programs, or selecting and monitoring the "control group" for the research division. This lack of specificity is very disturbing, especially in light of our past experience with the Bureau of Prisons. Experience with incarcerated individuals has shown that the procedures employed to "deliver" a program are often more critical than the content of the program itself. It is imperative that such issues as the informed consent of the participants, and the establishment of stringent safeguards to prevent the abuse of power and authority so common in all prisons, be carefully delineated and resolved as they relate to this particular program. . . .
>
> Our concern over procedures is heightened by the recent announcement that at least two more "Butners" are being planned, one for the Midwest and one for the West. Not one prisoner should be allowed to enter the Butner facility until adequate procedural safeguards have been established, procedures which, prior to implementation, have been subjected to the closest scrutiny and review by knowledgeable and independent professionals in psychology, medicine and law. . . .

Until the Federal Center for Correctional Research is open and functioning, there is no way to say for sure what will go on there. But at this point, it appears that Butner will not become the chamber of *physical* horrors it was once advertised to be. It is uncertain whether that concept was ever part of the original plan at all, or whether the mobilization of public concern forced its modification, but the latter is quite probable.

What is of continuing concern about Butner is the essentially voluntary nature of any form of psychotherapy. That is, in most cases, an individual initiates treatment when he or she feels that there is a need, and that a particular therapist or group may fill that need. If at any point the individual either no longer feels the need, or feels that the need is not being met, he or she can get up and walk away.

According to those who've been in them, it is agreed that Martin Groder plays pretty rough in some of his

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groups. He is always in absolute control. But listen to Dr. Groder's account of a meeting in which he was not in control—the meeting with the Church of Christ team, in which he was, in fact, out of control.

> . . . there were times I wished the lunatics would leave the room . . . they were putting me out front . . . it was an eight-hour hot seat with me in the hot seat . . . it was a format for changing someone's mind. . . . I had not entered into that situation agreeing to have my mind changed . . . they had me trapped . . . in a group I run, let's say a marathon or a training group, if someone doesn't like what's going on they can get up and walk out. Nobody's going to stop them. But because of the political significance and the fact that I've been damn fool enough to go through it, I was trapped . . . if I'd had my druthers, I'd have told them all to go to hell and leave . . . a miserable meeting. . . .

Withal, Martin Groder comes across as a gifted, complex man. A man who, but for a turn of the cards that sent him into prison work rather than Vietnam, might today be a relatively liberal young doctor with a family and a brilliant career ahead of him in a trendy branch of psychiatry, doing good works for drug addicts on the side. Yet, even as he blithely characterizes the U.S. prison system as a "dysfunctional pesthouse," he is nevertheless committed to Butner—it seems almost blindly—and at odds with the one political organization he belongs to. In that commitment one senses, rather than evil, a single-minded, almost amoral dedication to his own success. □

DOMESTIC AIRLINES

THE PAMPERED BUZZARDS

THOMAS De BAGGIO

Well, Nancy, I'm sure you were born to fly, just as you say in the ad for National Airlines. But, Nancy, if you were *born* to fly, why does it cost so much?

The Civil Aeronautics Board annually spews tons of paper down Washington's bureaucratic corridors to explain why the cost is so high. All those words add up to this: what else can you expect—

¶When multimillion-dollar airplanes are expected to fly half empty and compete for business on the basis of expensive frills?

¶When figuring a fare is so complicated that even airline ticket agents aren't sure how much to charge you?

¶When fares aren't set on a basis of what it costs to go from here to there?

¶When taxpayers are expected to shell out $68 million, as they did last year, for not flying enough?

¶When bankers, less interested in profitability than in interest rates and expensive lease arrangements, virtually control the industry?

For thirty-five years the American public has paid through the nose to fly. As the CAB itself noted recently, "The only proposals to adjust normal fares during this entire period involved increases." It could hardly have been otherwise. The CAB, under a Congressional mandate to promote air travel and prevent "excessive competition" among airlines, nursed an industry into adulthood that is so lazy and inefficient that it has begun to resemble a pampered buzzard. In the CAB's view, expressed in a recent decision, "Congress has subjected to regulation and control both entry into the industry and entry into individual markets, with the result that the number of competitors over individual routes is necessarily limited. . . . It is therefore not surprising that competition in basic fares has been virtually nonexistent." It added: "We simply cannot compel individual carriers to operate in such a way as to insure that they will be profitable." But the board is exceedingly reluctant to let these poor performers die. The American capitalistic axiom that survival of the fittest rules the business world is positively subversive at the CAB.

Last March the CAB concluded a four-year fare study by taking a fresh look at its past. It decided it had been going about things all wrong. The cost of carrying a passenger had never played a role in determining what plane fares would be. Now, the board said, it should. But let's not hurry things. "It is our judgment," the board said, "that prudent regulation requires that we take only a first step toward a cost-based fare formula at this time." That meant air fares would go up again.

In the old days, the CAB thought the best way to determine air fares was by setting a price on the *value* of the service. The board had a fuzzy idea that, on a per-mile basis, the actual cost for short flights was more than for long flights. But it was able to rationalize the situation so that long-haul passengers were forced to subsidize with above-cost fares the short-haul passengers whose fares were below cost. It was also possible to justify a higher-than-cost fare for coach passengers who ended up subsidizing first-class and economy-class passengers.

So the CAB decided it was about time to find out what it cost to carry a passenger and to adjust fares accordingly. It immediately concluded that "It is impossible to frame separate fare structures for each of the carriers in this competitive industry and to tailor fares in each individual market to its unique characteristics." A fare structure based on "the industry average costs of service" was determined to be best. (As figured by the CAB "cost" can be a deceptive term because the board puts profit in there too.) Needless to say, the average wasn't based on efficiency. Airlines that were so wasteful they had trouble turning even a small profit were thrown into the pot with highly efficient, profitable ones. The average was also based on the cost of flying half-empty planes, since that was what everybody seemed to be doing. The CAB, in

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other words, didn't try to find out the costs of a well-managed airline.

Using this method, the CAB came up with a structure that showed that it cost 20¢ a mile to carry a passenger 100 miles. For a 1,000-mile trip it cost 5¢ a mile. The board expressed these findings in a formula for coach fares that has as its base a terminal charge of $12.56 and then a cost per mile for short, medium and long hauls.

Thus the new fares would increase short-haul fares to nearly cost levels. A 100-mile trip under the new fare scheme would be $19.62 while the CAB-figured cost would be $20.38. The current fare for such a trip is $16.48. The fare for a 1,000-mile trip would be $76.46 under the new formula, while the cost of such a trip to the airline (including profit) would be only $55.14. Current fares for that distance come to $73.63. That's the CAB's version of a "first step."

In an attempt to document the amount of waste figured into the CAB's cost figures, John T. Harding, a government physicist with an interest in airline fares, compared the new formula air fares with fares currently charged by Pacific Southwest Airlines. His figures were published in *The Washington Post*. Pacific Southwest is a California airline which is not regulated by the CAB but does fall under the watchful eye of the California Public Service Commission which must approve its fares. It flies only within the state. According to Harding, Pacific Southwest has "never failed to make a profit on its airline operations." Harding's computations showed that Pacific Southwest's fares are about half those approved by the CAB under its new formula. He adds that service is superior to that on CAB-regulated airlines.

Harding concludes that a difference in regulatory philosophy may be at the core of the difference in air fares. The California Public Service Commission has regulated fare increases, but not decreases. The CAB does both and doesn't think highly of decreases. "Consequently, any number of intrastate airlines, which could not meet the prices set by the most efficient carriers, have had to terminate service," he says. "The net result has not been chaos as predicted by the CAB but a highly dependable, safe and inexpensive air travel system within California."

Indeed, the CAB had a chance during its long domestic passenger-fare hearings to institute a system of regulation like the one in California. The Department of Justice, the Department of Transportation, some airlines and even CAB staff recommended fare flexibility. This would permit airlines to set fares within a certain percentage above or below the so-called CAB cost formula. The proposals ranged from 15-to-5 per cent above or below. It would create a specific zone in which price competition could take place, the Justice Department argued. The CAB sneered at the idea of fare competition, arguing that, since the airlines had never demonstrated an inclination to compete, it wasn't realistic to think they would start now.

"We believe that the proposals would inevitably lead to an irrational and inequitable fare structure and to an unwarranted escalation of the fare level," the board said in its 185-page decision last March. "We are forced to conclude that the zone proposals essentially constitute thinly veiled efforts to eliminate meaningful regulation of passenger fares." Some people feel that that might not be such a bad idea, given the CAB's past record.

The effect of the CAB regulation has not been to promote air transportation for all segments of America. It has created through approval of high fares a virtual private mode of transportation for the wealthiest half of the nation.

A Gallup poll taken last year for the Air Transport Association revealed that nearly 80 per cent of the trips taken in 1973 were by members of households earning $10,000 or more annually, with the majority (58 per cent) of them being taken by those earning more than $15,000 a year. The poll also showed that 91 per cent of those who flew last year were white. Only one out of three nonwhites has ever flown. Not surprisingly, the highest percentage of individuals who have ever flown in their lives is to be found among the professional and business class (75 per cent).

Behind the $10-billion-a-year domestic airline industry lurks the banker, growing fat on bloated air fares. To some his shadow has seemed to take on more than a mere resemblance to an undertaker, the one man who never seems to lose.

"For banks, airlines are a regulated industry through which to achieve unregulated profits," says Reuben B. Robertson III, a lawyer and aide of Ralph Nader who specializes in the airline industry. In detailed testimony on March 28 before the Senate Subcommittees on Intergovernmental Relations and Budgeting, Management and Expenditures, Robertson traced the enormous power a handful of bankers have gained over the air-travel industry. Trust department stockholdings, shared directors, loans and lease agreements form a web of relationships that have handed control of the airlines over to the bankers, Robertson said.

"No major step is taken in the industry without checking it out with the banks," he told Sen. Lee Metcalf, co-chairman of the subcommittees. "While largely unspoken and unwritten, this form of influence over management decision-making is persuasive and powerful. Through this kind of control, the senior lending institutions have recently caused major changes in top management and policy in such industry stalwarts as United, American, and Eastern Air Lines."

Metcalf's subcommittees themselves explored at some length airline stockholding data earlier this year in a study entitled "Disclosure of Corporate Ownership." Metcalf had discovered that the CAB wasn't obtaining ownership data from airlines in a manner that was consistent with legal requirements. His limited study showed, for instance, that four bank trust departments held 26.1 per cent of the stock of American Airlines. Some 22 per cent of United Airlines stock was held by only four banks. A single institution, Bank of New York, reported holding 10.7 per cent of the stock in National Airlines at the end of 1973, according to CAB records cited by Robertson. Chase Manhattan Bank held a similar percentage. The two banks together also held 18 per cent of the shares of Northwest, 12 per cent of Delta and 12.5 per cent of TWA. Under federal law a 10 per cent interest

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is considered enough to control an airline. A study undertaken by Ralph Nader's Aviation Consumer Action Project discovered that sixty-one banks were represented on the boards of the nation's eleven leading airlines.

As if this type of control were not enough, the lending and lease agreements between banks and airlines reinforce the bankers' position. These deals "typically contain onerous and debilitating restrictions on management that substantially place the carrier's management under continuous jeopardy of default," asserts Robertson. "Besides creating constant terror for airline managers, who may be in technical default under some of these provisions, they also create severe problems for a company in raising equity capital."

The merger of Mohawk Airlines into Allegheny Airlines in 1971 was used by Robertson to illustrate the crucial role of the banker as airline decision maker. Three years ago Chase Manhattan Bank, Mohawk's biggest lender, threatened to call its loans if the airline didn't come up with several million dollars in fresh investment money. Mohawk couldn't find investors and was pushed into the arms of Allegheny. But before Allegheny could move on the merger proposition, it had to check with its own lender—Chase Manhattan Bank.

Lending money to airlines is highly profitable. In the twelve-month period which ended in March, domestic airlines paid $267 million in interest on long-term debt, an increase of nearly 20 per cent over the previous twelve-month period. Yet, the amount of money borrowed increased only 2.9 per cent to $4.1 billion, according to the CAB. The airlines owe so much, in fact, that the CAB feels "the financial stability of many of the carriers" may be in jeopardy. But the seven banks represented on the American Airlines board which are part of a $300 million revolving-loan deal headed by Chase Manhattan Bank could hardly be worrying.

Banker domination of the airline industry certainly doesn't hurt the leasing business. In 1971, American Airlines added $77.5 million worth of new aircraft to its fleet, according to the CAB. Nearly half (47 per cent) the value of those aircraft were wide-body 747s leased from Bankers Trust Co. The 747 is most often used on long-haul routes. Yet, planes flying these routes were experiencing the worst load factor in the industry, flying at only 42 per cent of capacity. The 747 is twice as expensive to operate per mile as the 707, according to experts. Bankers Trust held more than 8 per cent of the airline's stock.

Jack Yohe is the consumer affairs director for the CAB. Every year he hears from a lot of unhappy airline passengers. Last year, he received 14,760 complaints about air travel. Nearly one out of every three of those complaints was a beef about fares.

Yohe has a rather thankless job, explaining things to all these unhappy passengers. He finds that there is "a lingering public consciousness that air passengers do have certain rights." The most frustrating part of his job must be having to tell these outraged travelers that they are mostly wrong in so thinking. The Bill of Rights, written long before the Wright brothers reached Kitty Hawk, never envisioned what could happen when the CAB and the airline industry got together.

Practices that would not be countenanced in any other business because they smack of fraud are the rule in the airline industry. Two of the most outrageous examples are the airlines' practice—with CAB approval—of selling more tickets for a flight than there are seats for passengers and of changing the price on you even after you've bought your ticket.

"People are under the impression that a properly issued ticket for air transportation is a guarantee of a seat if the flight operates," says Yohe. "This assumption leads to considerable frustration first when the oversale takes place and secondly when they find out that the board has no regulation to prevent the overbooking."

When it happened to Ralph Nader, he sued Allegheny, the airline that oversold him. He collected $50,000 for his frustration and inconvenience. Many other air passengers put in the same situation are trying to beat the award the court gave Nader.

"Oral fare quotations are almost meaningless," according to Yohe, "if the fare is to cover anything but nonstop one-way transportation. Even when the tickets are later written at the airport or city ticket office, the fares may not be accurate."

If you had the price of your ticket put on a credit card, you may be in for some surprises. Ticketing mistakes are often corrected through credit-card billing. If you paid for a ticket today at one rate and it was increased by the time your flight took off, be prepared to pay the higher rate when you're billed. "Normally, the air carrier will simply submit an additional billing to the credit-card company which in turn pays the carrier and bills the consumer," explains Yohe. "The air carrier has effectively changed the problem from one involving the carrier and consumer to one involving the credit company and the consumer."

Yohe also says that an investigation by his office into baggage-handling problems revealed that your air fare includes "large amounts to subsidize air carrier deficiencies in handling baggage."

If for some reason you buy a ticket and then decide not to fly, your refund may be a long time coming. You can assume that you have made the airline a no-interest, short-term loan. Yohe says the average refund may take as much as nine months to be processed. "National Airlines, Eastern Air Lines and foreign air carriers are particularly negligent in processing refunds," he says.

How do airlines get away with this legally? Through something called a tariff approved by CAB. The tariff establishes rates, rules and practices. It has become, in Yohe's words, "a defensive weapon used by carriers to thwart the grievances and desires of the public." The tariffs fill thousands of pages and, according to Yohe, are written in a special language of their own that is so impenetrable that "most of the board's own economists, analysts and attorneys do not completely understand" them. "Portions of individual tariffs conflict with one another in their statements," he says. "Some tariff provisions are in apparent conflict with the [Federal Aviation] Act, with the Warsaw Convention, with the board's own regulations . . . and most importantly with good old common sense." Yet, when you buy a ticket for an airplane ride, it is sold "subject to conditions of tariff" and you

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are presumed to know all about the gobbledegook they contain.

Of course, the CAB could straighten this situation out, but it doesn't. The law tells the carriers that "All rules and regulations shall be stated in clear, explicit and definite terms." The CAB could see that they are written that way. But that would be an unnatural act for it, just as unnatural as it would be to force airlines to charge lower fares. For the pliant CAB has never thought much about air passengers. □

'WITH ALL DUE RESPECT . . .'

STONEWALL COLBY OF THE CIA

ROBERT SHERRILL

Washington Parade, the strange supplement that accompanies Sunday newspapers into millions of homes and often sounds as if it were written by a government propagandist, recently carried this description of William Colby, director of the CIA:

> A practicing Roman Catholic, a pillar in community affairs, a hard-working (Saturdays until 3 P.M.) civil servant who earns $42,000 a year, a good and understanding father to his four surviving children—a fifth died early this year of epilepsy—a loving and dutiful husband, William Colby has been a professional intelligence officer for half his adult years.
>
> The United States is indeed fortunate in having him. As a lawyer he could be earning three times in civilian life what he earns in government service. "But it wouldn't give me the satisfaction," he says, "that I find in this job." Colby wears no flag pins in his lapel to demonstrate his patriotism. It goes much deeper than that.

Neither Colby himself nor his dedication nor his work was seen in quite that way by the participants and spectators at the recent Washington Conference on the Central Intelligence Agency and Covert Action, sponsored by the Center for National Security Studies and by its parent, the Fund for Peace.

Colby was hissed, he was jeered, he was laughed at in an unfriendly way, and he was asked a few questions that might have been embarrassing only if he had been subjected to torture sufficient to make him answer candidly.

As it was, Colby emerged from the conference in no worse condition than he entered and perhaps even with a couple of minor credits simply for having come forward to confront a group that loathed him.

The hearing room was packed. It had been widely anticipated that something interesting might occur, since Colby was surfacing just hours after it had been revealed, via a leaked letter of Rep. Michael Harrington, that the CIA had funneled $11 million into Chile: $3 million to block Salvador Allende's try for the Presidency in 1964 and $8 million between 1970 and 1973 to "destabilize," if not overthrow, his administration.

But the only thing of any real value that occurred at the conference was the demonstration—if such is still needed—that unless a bureaucrat of Colby's steel is threatened at least with firing, and preferably with jail, he simply will not reveal his dirty work. The panel couldn't lay a glove on Colby. He was much too smooth.

Him? Excessively secret? Nonsense. "The CIA has appeared before eighteen committees on twenty-eight occasions this year (Armed Services, Appropriations, Foreign Affairs, Atomic Energy and Economics)," he said in the written part of his testimony. "In addition, I have talked with 132 newsmen in the past year, and about 100 have come to CIA for briefings by our analysts on substantive questions involving foreign countries, thus benefiting from our accumulated information from our most sensitive sources."

While it was true, Colby conceded, that the CIA in the 1960s had subsidized the National Student Association in a propaganda joust with Communist students in foreign countries, it would be ridiculous to describe this as buying the minds of our youth. "I might quote Ms. Gloria Steinem, one of those assisted, who commented that the CIA 'wanted to do what we wanted to do—present a healthy, diverse view of the United States—I never felt I was being dictated to at all.' " (*Laughter from the audience.*)

Colby seemed unable to understand why his critics did not recognize the decorum of CIA operations. He mentioned the Bay of Pigs debacle as a particularly fine example: "I think the CIA people who conducted this effort deserve the praise of our citizens for the effective but modest manner in which President Kennedy's mission was carried out—a mission, by the way, that cost the lives of eight CIA officers there." (*Mock sympathy*: "ahhhhhhh".)

Having finished his 11½ pages of mild defense, Colby promptly showed that he had no intention of going much beyond the written word and that he especially intended to give no satisfaction to those who were curious about CIA depredations in Chile: "With respect to Chile, since my testimony [about the $11 million espionage fund] was given in executive session [to a House Armed Services subcommittee], from which it has unfortunately leaked, I will answer no questions. But I will say we had nothing to do with the military takeover. However, we did look forward to a change of government, through democratic forces, in the election of 1976." *(Laughter.)*

Some of the efforts to goad him into a detailed debate evoked these several exchanges:

Congressman Harrington: Let's go into the fiction of Congressional oversight. Were Congressman Nedzi and others on the Armed Services subcommittee that supposedly gives the CIA oversight informed of the specifics of the CIA's Chilean operation before last April?

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Colby: They were made aware at appropriate times of our procedures. We have periodic roundup recaps.

Harrington: Congressman Nedzi became chairman of the oversight subcommittee in 1972. Your testimony in April seems to me to indicate that that was the first time he had been told about the Chilean operation.

Colby nods.

Harrington quoted from the testimony of former Assistant Secretary of State Charles Meyer to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee last year: "We bought no votes, funded no candidates, provoked no coups," and from the testimony of former Ambassador Edward M. Korry, who told a Foreign Relations subcommittee that "the United States did not seek to pressure, subvert, influence a single member of the Chilean Congress." Harrington asked Colby if testimony of this sort meant that the State Department had not been aware of the CIA's operations in Chile. Had it been unaware of the $350,000 that Colby had privately admitted was sent to Chile to bribe legislators to vote against Allende when the 1970 election was thrown into the Congress?

Colby replied, "I'm not prepared, I can't say, which item [of information] was given to which State Department officials." He added, "I am prepared to go into the CIA's operations before the proper committees. Until then, I respectfully decline to answer further."

Then the futile cross-examination was taken over by Sen. James Abourezk, who took the chair for the second afternoon's ordeal.

Abourezk: You say you are willing to discuss these things with the appropriate committee. But discussions of that sort are always carried out long after the CIA action has taken place. We're always talking about what the CIA has done four or five years in the past. In general, shouldn't we now go into whether the nation approves of assassination, of overthrowing governments as a matter of CIA policy? If you don't want to talk about specifics, why not discuss the CIA's general policy?

Silence from Colby.

Abourezk: Did the chairman of the oversight committees know of the Chilean operation?

Colby: He knew of various of our actions. I'm not responding specifically. I'm not saying that every dollar of our expenditures was known to the chairman. I can't say that every individual instance of what was going on was brought to the attention of the oversight committees.

Abourezk: In this morning's *Washington Post*, it is reported that the CIA spent $350,000 for bribing Chilean officials. Would you say if that is true or false?

Colby: With all due respect, I will not answer.

Abourezk: Is there anything in the *Post* story you admit or deny?

Colby: With all due respect. . . .

Abourezk: Is there anything the CIA does overseas that you wouldn't do here, and vice versa?

Colby: Of course. We are engaged every day in clandestine operations overseas that are illegal in closed societies.

Abourezk: Please answer the question. You do engage in operations in other countries that would be illegal here?

Colby: Of course. Espionage is illegal in this country.

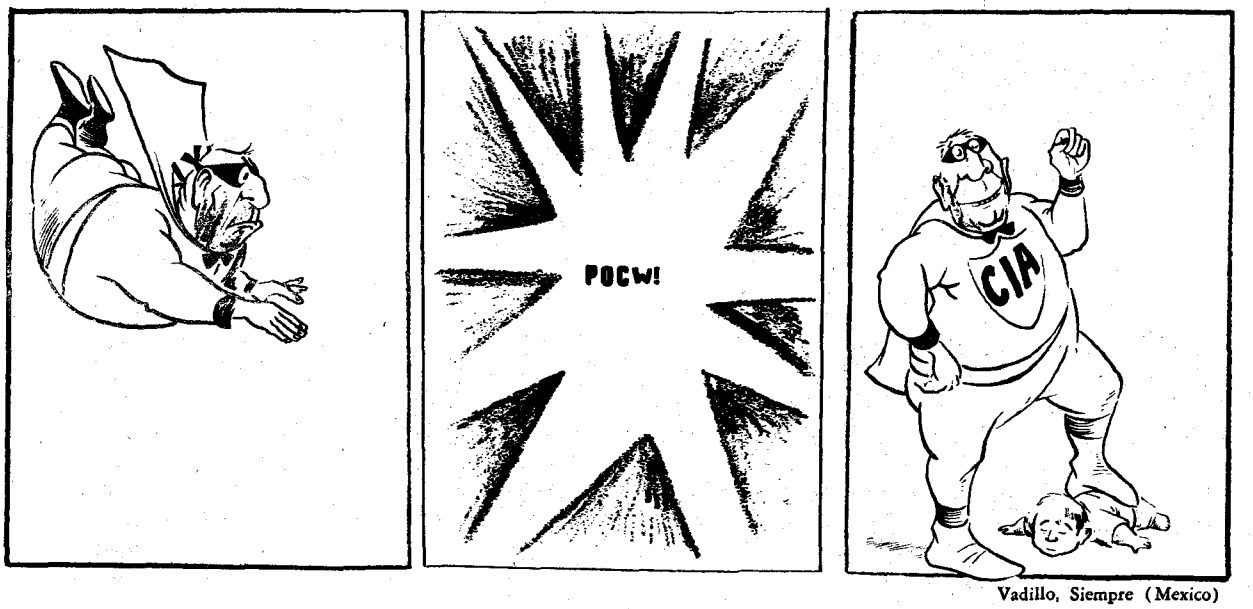
Abourezk: Other than espionage?

Colby: Of course.

Marcus Raskin asked Colby if the CIA would continue "to use the Rockefeller corporations as a cover." Colby wouldn't answer. Would the CIA continue to use ITT as a cover? No answer.

Daniel Ellsberg asked Colby, "What is your best estimate of the number killed and the number jailed by the government that took over after Allende's downfall?" Colby replied, "I can't tell you for sure. I'm not sure of the number killed and tortured. I may have read how many, but I can't recall them here." (Recent *New York Times* stories place the number of political prisoners as high as 8,000 with hundreds of torture cases reported. More than 2,500 died in the military coup.)

When somebody from the audience yelled, "How many did you murder in Vietnam?" a reference to the Phoenix program which Colby directed in South Vietnam with the excuse of ferreting out Communist infiltrators, Colby of course denied that he had murdered anyone but he did have some numbers available: 29,000 captured, 20,500 killed; but he insisted that "87 per cent were killed in



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military and paramilitary action and only 12 per cent by police actions." (Jack Anderson recently reported that a secret study sent to the U.S. Embassy in Saigon acknowledges that the Phoenix program was only 1 per cent effective, for all its bloodletting.)

Asked if he had had moral reservations about helping to send Vietnamese to jail without their having the services of lawyers, he replied: "In Vietnam there were only 200 lawyers" and therefore it would have been unreasonable to supply a lawyer to every defendant.

And so it went. Spectators were left to guess whether Colby was lying when he said that he informed the proper officials about the Chilean dirty work; whether State Department officials were lying when they feigned innocence and ignorance of the whole affair; and whether Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was the biggest liar of all when he told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that the "CIA had nothing to do with the coup to the best of my knowledge."

There may be some grounds for perjury charges here, as Sen. Frank Church was the first to suggest. The Foreign Relations Committee staff subsequently agreed that a perjury investigation should be launched. The staff is especially unhappy with testimony given by Colby's predecessor at the CIA, Richard Helms, when questioned in 1973 by Sen. Stuart Symington, one of the select few who allegedly have oversight regarding the CIA. This was at the time when Helms was being cleared to become ambassador to Iran.

Symington: Did you try in the Central Intelligence Agency to overthrow the government of Chile?

Helms: No, sir.

Symington: Did you have any money passed to the opponents of Allende?

Helms: No, sir.

Somebody, obviously, is lying. When Kissinger, for example, says that "to the best of my knowledge" he knew of no financial subversion being carried out in Chile by the CIA, one must remember that he was speaking as the chairman of the 40 Committee—the supersecret group that authorizes (or supposedly authorizes) all clandestine operations of the CIA. On the broader point of the true role of the 40 Committee, David Wise, author of *The Invisible Government* and *The Espionage Establishment*, pointed out at the conference that "We are asked to take on faith the assurance that secret operations conducted under secret directives are adequately controlled by a secret committee that makes its decisions in secret. Moreover, in the manner of the fox placed in charge of the chicken coop, the director of Central Intelligence is a member of the 40 Committee. Although it is difficult to arrive at final conclusions about a body that operates in complete secrecy, it seems most unlikely that a committee of five men, one of whom is the head of the CIA, and whose other members are busy men with important responsibilities in other agencies of the government, can exercise effective control over special operations."

In other words, maybe Kissinger *didn't* know the details of the CIA subversion in Chile. Maybe the other State Department officials didn't either. Maybe the CIA operates more tightly within its little cocoon of anarchy than even top government officials had heretofore presumed. Maybe it just takes its $750 million budget (that is the figure, according to Victor Marchetti and John Marks, authors of *The CIA and the Cult of Intelligence*, and panelists on this occasion; but others place the CIA budget much higher) and does its espionage without anyone knowing the details until something goes wrong. Wise believes that such anarchy does exist; that the only possible control over the CIA as now organized is through the 40 Committee and that "there is simply too much going on [the clandestine services of the CIA employ 6,000 people] at any given time to be controlled by a part-time committee." Not even the President knows what's going on, which is probably the way he wants it because "the existence of the committee permits the President to disclaim personal knowledge of a covert operation if it should fail and prove embarrassing."

Morton Halperin, whose phone was tapped when he was an aide to Kissinger, told the conference that the problem was not merely the CIA's anarchistic disregard for the rest of the government. There was also the problem of its own internal anarchy:

> None of the intelligence analysts in the office of the Directorate for Intelligence of the CIA, including the Deputy Director of the CIA for Intelligence, Robert Amory, were informed of the planned Bay of Pigs invasion.
>
> Hence, all of the analytic talents of the CIA were absent from the consideration of whether the operation might succeed. When Mr. Allen Dulles, the Director of Central Intelligence, informed the President that the chances of success were very high, this opinion was based entirely on the views of the covert operators planning the Bay of Pigs invasion and on his own hunches—without any support from either the Board of National Estimates or the intelligence analysts in the Directorate for Intelligence.
>
> In the Pentagon, knowledge of the operation appears to have been restricted to the Secretary and perhaps his deputy, Roswell Gilpatrick, and to military officers on the Joint Staff of the military services. No civilian officials in the Pentagon, including the Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Security Affairs, Paul Nitze, seems to have been informed or given an opportunity to comment on the planned operation.
>
> Thus, although the key judgment in the Bay of Pigs operation was whether a sufficient number of Cubans would rise up to support the invaders when they landed on the beach, no one who had a good capability on the question was consulted and permitted to express an opinion, with the exception of the CIA operatives themselves who, being heavily committed to the plan, could not have been expected to have an impartial view.

Oddly enough, it did not seem like a restirring of ancient history at all when the panelists kept referring back to the Bay of Pigs tragedy of thirteen years ago. It seemed altogether contemporary, for obviously little has changed since then at the CIA. The kind of lunatic secrecy still prevails that allows a small band of bureaucratic brigands, by their mistakes, to force the rest of the U.S. Government into an overseas adventure that is not only dangerous but does not fit into the overall foreign policy of this country.

When Colby was asked what suggestions he had for better control over the CIA and for ways to guarantee

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that it not pull secret horrors, his answer was so grotesque that it just may have been the most frightening comment of the entire conference.

"As for disclosure," he said with a small smile, "the press does a good job of catching us when they can." And if that isn't enough, the nation can rely on the conscience of the CIA itself. "If anyone tried to use the CIA against the U.S.A., the CIA would explode from within."

If Washington has provided any black humor to top that, it was when President Ford later told a news conference that the CIA had helped overthrow the democratically elected administration of Allende and establish a terrorist military regime because Allende had tried "to destroy opposition news media and to destroy opposition parties." Three days later, Kissinger repeated that excause when he appeared before the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee. What Ford and Kissinger say they feared would be brought about by Allende—but wasn't—has, of course, emerged as fact under the military junta that seized power in September 1973, promptly shut down the legislature, closed opposition newspapers and outlawed all political parties. □

JOSE ZUNO: THE OLD SURVIVOR

GABRIEL HANSON

In November 1968 I interviewed a local notable in Guadalajara, Jalisco, Mexico—a man whose zest for living was not dulled by age and frailty. Like most of his fellow citizens, he was confident for the future. Only five weeks had elapsed since the federal government of Mexico had employed 5,000 troops and machine guns to smash a major strike by university students, but for all the effect it had on the burghers of Guadalajara the Tlatelolco massacre might have happened five years before or 5,000 miles away. For theirs was a booming city. The old man —his name is José G. Zuno—professed himself a lifelong radical who normally favored student activism, but he had no criticism to level at the government's handling of the student strike. It happened that his son-in-law was the Minister of Government, constitutionally responsible for internal security.

Now, almost six years later, a UPI dispatch of September 8 tells that leftist guerrillas kidnapped this old man, now 83. After holding him for ransom they released him unharmed. While they held him they published his statement criticizing the Mexican and U.S. Governments. After he was set free he denied that his captors had forced him to make the statement. He reiterated his charges that Yankee imperialism and the CIA are the root of Mexico's problems and that his son-in-law, now the President of Mexico, has let his government "come under the control of the reactionary forces of the world." About his son-in-law's refusal to pay the ransom the guerrillas demanded, he said, "I respect that opinion as I also respect those of the Tupamaros." There speaks a man who knows there's a war on and knows which side he favors.

Although I could only speculate about the reasons for Zuno's apparent change of heart, I can write of his personality and life against the context of Mexican politics. I sought him out in the course of gathering material for a study of the political attitudes of Mexican intellectuals. I had struck up a conversation with a student on the campus of the State University of Jalisco and told him what I was doing.

Gabriel Hanson, until recently a teacher of political science at the college level, has now left that pursuit to become a freelance writer.

"You should speak with *Licenciado* Zuno. He is one of our best teachers." The student led me to a classroom building and pointed to a door. I opened it and looked into a long, dark classroom. At the far end stood a desk; two students flanked it; behind it sat a man who looked very small and old. He rose to his feet and asked my business. I stated it. As I approached him, he watched me in a fearful, expectant, deferential manner, as if I could command him, or as if he were meeting his fate. The two students moved closer to him and stared suspiciously at me. I did not like to be cast in the role of aggressor, and crossed the intervening space reluctantly. Whereupon Zuno greeted me like a lost son. He gave me an appointment for early the next morning in his office.

The next morning I found the address he had given me, in the heart of the city. The sidewalks were full of employees hurrying to their offices in the cool air. In moments Zuno came walking through the crowd. He shook my hand. His hand was as cold as death. "I apologize for making you wait." He peered into my face. "Aren't you cold in the mornings? I always notice the cold weather." He unlocked the office door and we passed into a large, bare, unheated room with old wooden furniture and broad planked floors. He told me that he was director of the state museum. Ignoring three or four desks that faced every which way, he led me to some straight-backed chairs placed along the wall in the sunshine. As he sat down he fixed me again with his direct, vulnerable look. It was a plea for recognition, acknowledgment.

He began to talk of his early youth, becoming animated and jocular. His hand touched his throat, described a circle around his head. "My school friends and I wore flowing red cravats and broad-brimmed, floppy hats, after the manner of Parisian artists of the time. In conservative old Guadalajara it was scandalous." He grinned with delight and stuck out his chest. "We were the" (a pause and then the English word) 'hippies' of our day.

"I was tossed out of school for the caricatures I drew in class," he continued. "It got me my first job, as cartoonist for a little opposition newspaper that was founded in anticipation of the Presidential election of 1910."

From political cartoonist and drawing teacher Zuno went to a seat in the Chamber of Deputies in 1919 and to Governor of Jalisco in 1923. He not only survived the revolution; he was lucky or astute enough in those years

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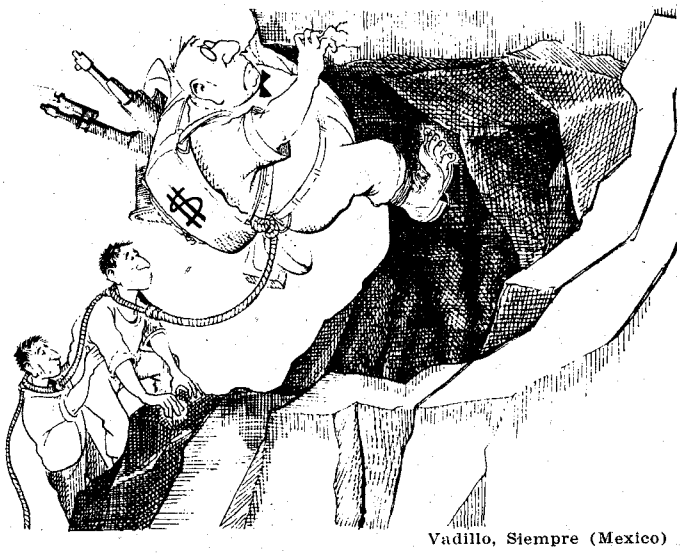
of turmoil and evanescent alliances to ally himself with the eventual victors. "I was the only civilian governor in Mexico. All the others were generals. . . . The generals were intransigent. Now that civilians are the government there is much more compromise (*arreglo*)."

While Zuno talked, two cats turned up and rubbed themselves against our legs and chased each other around the room. Two matrons, each about double their chief's weight, showed up and started the day's work by setting out a saucer of milk for the cats. Ignoring us, they waved chicken-feather dusters and gossiped. Outdoors in the avenue was the 20th century, but this was the 19th century.

Zuno was proud of re-establishing the state university while he was governor. He said he founded it. The revolution had in fact shut it down for years. "My budget for the whole state that year was 2.6 million pesos and out of



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

that I financed a university." But he talked still more eagerly of his intellectual pursuits. He styled himself an artist and recited the catalogue of Mexican artists he had known. His proudest boast was that he taught lithography to José Clemente Orozco.

"After all the years of politics do you still consider yourself to be an artist?" I asked.

"I *am* an artist," he replied.

He pounced on topics of conversation like a cat on a sparrow. In his own, highly idiosyncratic way he had kept himself abreast of the times—except in politics. In that field it appeared that he had moved ahead of general opinion until the Presidency of his hero and mentor, Lázaro Cárdenas (1934-40), the most progressive, popular Mexican leader of this century. With Cárdenas' politics Zuno's mind came to rest. He met the political issues of 1968 with answers that might have been formulated by Cárdenas himself, thirty years before. Thus he seemed perfectly at home in the PRI, which in its Jalisco version could not possibly have been more oriented to the *status quo*. Without a detectable trace of regret he said, "The revolution is almost metaphysical now; the impulse of the revolution is completely dead." But he was well informed and he said he intervened in politics from time to time as a private citizen to preserve the environment—Zuno the ecologist! This set of striking contradictions in the mind of a single man was part of a frame of mind I encountered frequently, not only in Guadalajara but also in the Federal District.

As the interview ended Zuno was profuse in his offers of assistance to further my project. I declined, but he did not let me leave. Steering me by the elbow, as spirited and brisk as ever, he took me to the bookcase to give me copies of some of his works. With his finger on his lips and his elbow cupped in his other hand he studied the shelves and selected half a dozen books and pamphlets: anti-clerical satire, polemical plays and historical essays, mostly from *La Independencia* and *La Reforma*. Zuno has made his contribution to nationalistic lore in the time-honored fashion of Mexican intellectuals.

I rushed to my next interview, hours late but exhilarated by a once-in-a-lifetime experience. I had never met a man so vibrant or eager for ideas and friendship. He broadened my concept of what was humanly possible. The next interview promised to be dismal; my subject was morose and apprehensive. I apologized for arriving late and explained to him the cause. He brightened up amazingly and launched into a capsule history of Zuno's life. The interview went wonderfully well. I had gained the man's complete confidence by mentioning Zuno's name. It was the same wherever I went in Guadalajara. The esteem in which Zuno was held did not seem to have a partisan basis—though I had no contact with the far Right or the revolutionary Left.

Zuno's writings yielded another clue to his popularity. From the works I learned that he took a regionalist standpoint and asserted his region's values boldly. Besides, he had long since retired from an active political role. His controversies were far enough behind him to add, in the public's mind, an aura of glamour to his name. In 1968, Zuno was a local notable, everyone's favorite uncle. He was spoken of as a person of phenomenal cultural attainments, an adornment to the region's culture. But when your son-in-law becomes President, as his did in 1970, that is another matter. Then everyone assumes that you are a big gun in politics and so you must be active whether or not you want to be or are strong enough to be. One news service reported that he was convalescing from surgery when kidnapped.

Zuno's statement to the press indicates that he does not like the situation he finds himself in. Do not be misled by the language he uses to vent his dissatisfaction. It seems to be that of his guerrilla captors, but it is also the anti-imperialist language that President Cárdenas spoke almost forty years ago.

Some would argue that this rhetoric is worn out and muddle-headed. Others would insist that it is as timely and useful as ever, because the same vested interests still block any important reform. In any case, it is pertinent that those who advocate reform have been planning in terms of politicians' units of time, months or a few years at most, not in terms of ten years or a generation, or as long as it takes to insure that men like Zuno in the United States of America—and in the United States of Mexico—do not have to see the progress they made frittered away by the following generations. □

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PUBLIC POWER

PORTLAND SEES THE LIGHT

RALPH FRIEDMAN

Portland, Ore.

When a small group of slightly known Portland citizens decided that it might be a good idea for the city to buy at a fair price the facilities and equipment of the Pacific Power & Light Co. that lie within the city limits (Portland has an option to purchase), PP&L was as amused as the citizens were serious. All around Portland there are municipalities whose electric utilities are publicly owned. Seattle, Wash., is a good example; another is Eugene, Oregon's second largest city. Vancouver, Wash., across the Columbia River from Portland, is still a third. Public utility districts are commonplace in many parts of the Pacific Northwest. Even in some of the most conservative strongholds of the region, they are an established fact, supported in almost all instances by practically every farm organization. (The first dam on the Columbia was not Bonneville, as even most Northwesterners believe but Rocky Reach, above Wenatchee, Wash.; it was built by what was essentially a cooperative.)

All the publicly owned utilities in the Pacific Northwest offer rates that are lower than those of Pacific Power & Light. So why keep paying relatively high rates, the citizens asked themselves. Why enrich stockholders? Why not put the profits to the use of the people, with lower rates for a starter?

When the Consumers Power League began to circulate petitions, PP&L started to fret a bit. And when enough signatures had been obtained to place the measure on the November 5th ballot, PP&L decided things had gone far enough. The company entered suit in Multnomah County Circuit Court, seeking to prevent the measure from coming to a vote. Its argument was that canvassers had given inaccurate information to persons who signed the petitions. PP&L was aided by a bloc of Portland labor unions which have had friendly ties with the company, the unions also bringing suit to prevent the measure from reaching the voters. The suits were joined, the accusations of the unions being the same as those leveled by PP&L; the issue reached trial in late August.

After a day of courtroom testimony, Judge Alan Davis, regarded by many attorneys as one of the most conservative of circuit court judges, dismissed PP&L's suit for lack of sufficient evidence. And with his decision went the suit of the unions.

So the measure to have the city of Portland take over PP&L facilities and equipment within the city limits will go to the voters in November. But there are many obstacles. "We know we're in for a tough fight," said Howard Willits, president of the Consumers Power League and a veteran state legislator who was defeated in the primary, his record having become too liberal for his middle-class constituents.

PP&L, an important part of the city and state establishment, has powerful allies, including influential publishers and others mighty in the media. PP&L's board of directors reads like a *Who's Who* of wealth, power and influence within the state. These men do not take lightly challenges to their authority. [See "How They Hornswoggled Berkeley" by Joseph M. Petulla; *The Nation,* August 13, 1973.]

Everyone in Portland expects the power company to wage a massive propaganda campaign through the media, billboards, mail and an army of paid solicitors. A journalist who has watched PP&L in action for many years commented wryly: "It'll be the biggest snow job Oregon has ever seen. But it's the chutzpah that sends me: If PP&L beats down the measure it'll ask for an increase in rates to pay for its snow job. I remember when PP&L put on a big pitch to get its customers to use more power and then asked for an increase in rates to pay for that PR job."

The contest is expected to go beyond Portland and may reach deep into the Ford Administration. PP&L officials charge that, if Portland takes over its facilities, the city will not have enough power for its needs because, as George Freck, Portland manager of PP&L, declared: "Bonneville Power Administration [BPA] has repeatedly said that power for a load the size of Portland would not be available until the 1980s." (PP&L, of course, sells to a much larger market than Portland and has many sources of power besides Bonneville. A publicly owned facility would look to Bonneville as its primary source.)

In this respect, Freck's assertion is supported by some BPA officials, but leaders of the Consumers Power League are pondering a countersuit against PP&L, so that officials can be forced to provide data on the availability of power to the Portland area within the next few years. Public power advocates contend that federal law stipulates that municipally owned utilities have prior rights to Bonneville power, and the Ford Administration, through public power-minded members of Congress, will be urged to order BPA to follow the federal law and cease, in effect, from assisting PP&L's propaganda line.

There is an interesting footnote to this story. Most of the activists and signature collectors of the Consumers Power League have been middle-aged and elderly. Few youths were involved in circulating petitions. Turned off by what they see as "politics" (an odious term these days) and feeling helpless in confronting corporations, the young men and women sat out the CPL signature drive. But now that the "old folks" have proven that there indeed can be power in the people if the issues are close to their basic interests, the young will presumably join in the battle.

It will indeed be a tough fight, as the often-bruised Howard Willits says. But the battle will create the largest coalition of diversified citizens that Portland has seen in many a year. "And we're learning," said a retired carpenter who is voluntarily working his legs off for the CPL, "that the real giant is us, the people. All we have to do is see the light and," he added with a wink, "own it." □

Ralph Friedman is The Nation*'s correspondent in Oregon.*

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ALUMNI MAGAZINES

THE EDITORS REACH OUT

MARK SINGER

During the two years which I recently completed as associate editor of the *Yale Alumni Magazine*, we got about one irate letter a week from an alumnus—usually, but by no means always, a pre-World War II graduate—who wished to inform us that he would not give another goddamn penny to Yale because: (*a*) his son or grandson had been refused admission to the college; (*b*) he had seen the Glee Club during its recent spring tour to Palm Beach and all the singing moppets were crawling with lice; (*c*) the magazine consistently failed to publish adequate news about the football, wrestling and crew teams; (*d*) more than ever the university seemed to be a haven for irreverent leftist types.

The editor of the magazine, a man of abundant patience, would strain himself to write a reasoned, dignified reply and then pass along the alumnus' letter to his secretary. If the tone of it had been particularly shrill, he would ask her to place it in—I forget which—the "nut file" or the "crank file."

Testy letters are a burden to most magazine and newspaper editors. They become especially onerous, however, for the editor of a college or university alumni magazine because, if he is a sophisticated professional—which a growing number of today's editors are—self-respect demands that he gently tell the carping alumnus that he has lost touch with the intellectual values of the institution which once upon a time had awarded him a degree.

According to the American Alumni Council, approximately 930 college and university alumni periodicals are now being published in the United States. About forty of these are high quality, readable, general interest publications. The most successful of the alumni magazines—those that are well-written, imaginatively edited and thoughtfully designed—constitute a special genre in the field of popular journalism. They have something significant to say about the role of higher learning in improving the quality of our lives and, depending upon the editors, they often have a sense of humor.

In the midst of the fiscal horror which now afflicts public and private education, the alumni magazines reflect a great deal about the internal affairs of the institutions they represent. If a university publishes a magazine cluttered with public relations puffery, chances are good that the institution's officers are (*a*) trying to hide something or (*b*) in desperate financial straits. Press-agentry, with its emphasis upon image, betrays an ignorance of what constitutes effective public relations—which is, of course, telling the truth. An alumni magazine should be a vehicle for continuing education; the publication that functions as a house organ is bound to estrange its audience from the intellectual life of the institution.

Mark Singer, formerly associate editor of the Yale Alumni Magazine, *is now on the staff of* The New Yorker.

There is considerable variety among alumni publications, but it is convenient to divide them into four groups:

(*1*) General interest. Most of the Ivy League schools publish magazines which fit into this category, as do perhaps twenty others throughout the country. These magazines try to appeal to the intelligent reader who wants to know how the scholarly life of an institution relates to issues in society at large—or, as the cynics in Academe say, how the Ivory Tower connects to the Real World. In addition to publishing feature articles, many of them manage to do institutional reporting that is quite imaginative, thus cultivating a style of journalism which doesn't deserve to be called investigative reporting but is nevertheless objective, critical and well-written.

Within the "general interest" group there are a few magazines—*Harvard Magazine* and M.I.T.'s *Technology Review* come to mind—which have tried to become so general that they can shed their "alumni" identities. *Harvard Magazine*, in particular, which strongly resembles *Smithsonian* in its design and editorial mixture, has lately begun a promotional campaign to the general public. The edition mailed to alumni contains a wraparound section of university news; the nonalumni edition does not.

(*2*) The tabloids. Rising production costs have forced many universities to switch to newsprint magazines, or "magapapers." The tabloids—many of which have adopted a *Rolling Stone* format—have thrived on the West Coast, and this year the *Chronicle of Higher Education* selected *California Monthly*, published at Berkeley, as the best of this genre. Because the medium has a great deal to do with the message, the magapapers tend to be stronger in news than in feature reporting.

(*3*) Another group of magazines, because of the nature of the institutions with which they are associated, become specialty publications. The *Simmons* (College) *Review*, for example, functions as a laboratory for the college's communications school, and each issue of the quarterly has a different design and editorial format. The alumni magazine of Gallaudet College for the Deaf focuses, quite naturally, on topics affecting the deaf. The magazine of Principia College, a Christian Science school, promotes that religious movement, and the magazine of Brigham Young University flacks for the Mormon Church. Holy Cross's magazine has done issues devoted entirely to Catholic-oriented subjects: e.g., an issue on the Berrigans.

(*4*) The rest. The vast majority of alumni magazines, particularly those published by large state universities and small colleges in the South and Midwest, are simply not very stimulating or creative. Among the small colleges, money is the primary problem. Many editors work part-time, doubling as public relations or fund-raising officers. It's harder to excuse a large university for a magazine that either serves as a mouthpiece for the school's administration and trustees or is published by an independent alumni association whose officers perceive the burning issues of higher learning in terms of fund raising for a

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new football stadium or basketball arena. The Southern Methodist University *Mustang*, for example, is imbued with an aura of Chamber of Commerce boosterism. Feature stories tend to dote on the football team and sports nostalgia, or else they recount the community service projects performed by undergraduate sororities and fraternities. In state-supported schools, of course, politics also interferes with liberal notions about freedom of expression.

If there is a "modern era" in alumni magazine journalism, it probably began in 1950, when Corbin Gwaltney, who later founded *The Chronicle of Higher Education*, became editor of *Johns Hopkins Alumni Magazine*. "I walked into a university," says Gwaltney, "where there was a blank sheet of paper and almost complete freedom for the editor. Johns Hopkins was simply that kind of place." Gwaltney saw this freedom as a chance to escape the parochialism endemic to alumni magazines—to mine Johns Hopkins' intellectual resources and to translate that into thoughtful, provocative journalism.

Fortunately, because Johns Hopkins is not the only place of "that kind," the example proliferated. During the late 1950s and early 1960s, there was a significant growth of professionalism, in both magazine editing and design, and schools that earlier would never have hired anyone but an alumnus to edit their magazines began to seek the most talented people available.

When disruptions flared on college campuses during the mid and late 1960s, alumni took a stronger interest in the affairs of their alma maters. Wherever editors were willing to report *exactly* what was happening, magazines gained additional attention and prestige. Several editors subsequently quit or lost their jobs. One who survived, John Bethell, editor of *Harvard Magazine*, recalls: "The Harvard administration has always been extraordinarily fair with us. After the Harvard strike in 1969, I wrote a chronology in which I criticized Nathan Pusey [then Harvard's president]. I said that he shouldn't have called in the police to remove the students who were occupying a building, and that, having done so, he had an obligation to explain his actions and to bind the wounds created by the incident. The Harvard administration responded by reprinting most of that account and sending it to all of the alumni."

As the campuses have grown more sedate, the tone of many magazines has changed. "During the late 1960s," says Bethell, "there was a fascination with what was happening *to* the universities. Nowadays there's no particular interest in, say, a university's financial crisis because everyone has a financial crisis. We see ourselves as an element of continuing education, a conduit between the educational life of the university and the educational life of the readers. We explore what you eat, how you exercise, how parents deal with their children—the gut things of what life is about."

The product of Bethell's editorial vision is an amalgam of several good ideas. A recent issue of *Harvard Magazine* included—among other things—articles about the Middle East, psychological stress and heart disease, art color theory, a long interview with the poet and classicist Robert Fitzgerald, book reviews, reports on research, and a cryptogram. Earlier this year the magazine began a series of articles called "The Future of the Globe," in which various Harvard professors tackled questions like: "Can we save the environment? Will we starve? Can we coexist with one another?" At a less cosmic level, a trip to a Cambridge supermarket during the meat shortage inspired a magazine staffer to solicit poignant thoughts about sirloin, soybeans and family budgets from the likes of John Kenneth Galbraith, Wassily Leontief and Otto Eckstein.

Last September Bethell felt that his editorial hand was free enough to run a full-color, 16-page account of a total solar eclipse as viewed from Mauritania. Before that, the magazine had published a Harvard undergraduate's account of how he was arrested in Mexico for possessing marijuana and how he endured several weeks in a corrupt, wretched Mexican jail, where he spent much of his time smoking marijuana. "I think that article imparted invaluable information about another culture," says Bethell. "I want to be global. Anything that gets terrific readership—which the article about Mexico did—I'm glad we published."

Harvard Magazine's attempt to avoid being stereotyped as a "typical alumni magazine" explains why it is sent only to paying subscribers. Only 20,000 of the 180,000 people who hold Harvard and Radcliffe degrees receive the magazine, plus another 1,500 or so nonalumni. Most schools send their magazine to all alumni or to all graduates who pay dues to the alumni association. Financial arrangements have a great deal to do with how an editor faces the central question of who his "constituency" is. "An editor," says Corbin Gwaltney, "constantly has to ask himself: am I free?—and, as an extension of that, is this university free?"

At Yale, the school with which I'm most familiar, the magazine derives its income from a combination of class dues, advertising revenue and a university subsidy. The magazine, which has a circulation of 98,000, goes to all alumni, students, faculty and parents of students. An independent board of directors (comprised of alumni, faculty members and journalists) meets four or five times a year to consider broad policy questions—most of them directed toward keeping the publication solvent.

Control of the magazine's content remains exclusively in the hands of William Zinsser, the editor. His autonomy, which is consistently strengthened by his outstanding editing, nevertheless operates largely through gentlemanly agreements. The magazine faces frequent attempts at, shall we say, "spirited suasion" from people who believe that they have legitimate claims upon its content. The alumni association, for example, always wants increased coverage of its activities; deans and department chairmen occasionally claim that they have been abused in the magazine's news columns; people who believe that they have an "item of interest" which belongs in the magazine often don't have an item that is terribly interesting.

The Yale administration, now in the midst of a $370 million fund-raising campaign, is especially circumspect. When the magazine prepared an analysis of the first year of a trustees' program of "socially responsible" investing of the Yale endowment, several trustees and university

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officers acknowledged the plan to publish the article with anxious, carefully muted concern.

As the magazine's staff writer, I often found myself asking in print: "Why do non-tenured faculty members feel so desperate at Yale? Why do Yale undergraduates study so much and seem to enjoy life so little? Does Yale have a sense of humor?" Other articles poked fun at the myopia of academic bureaucrats, whom I will stack up against anyone else's bureaucrats for their ability to niggle. On one occasion a university administrator argued that it was very important that I include some fact in a story about Yale's fund campaign. I didn't agree and said to him, "Look, this isn't the millennium that we're talking about." "But, oh, yes," he said. "It is! It is!"

Then again, I shouldn't complain, because there are plenty of places where the concept of editorial autonomy isn't granted even the most modest lip service. It can be reasonably argued that the alumni who support colleges and universities financially are entitled to a role in their governance. If so, the "concerned" alumnus has an obligation to become informed about the quality of life of the university which he supports.

Should alumni magazines, therefore, reflect alumni opinion, or is their role to educate? Although I think the latter, I should acknowledge that in most magazines, the letters-to-the-editor columns—wherein alumni opinion gets its most extensive airing—are more closely read than the news and features. Still, the interested alumnus should try to become not merely opinionated but informed.

For some readers this is impossible because many university administrators have decided that their interests can best be served by glossy obfuscation. Musty platitudes from the chairman of the board of regents and plodding tracts about "Planning the Comprehensive Future of Mega U" promise tranquil slumber to the well-educated insomniac. In other words, reading about *how* an institution should work is rarely as interesting as finding out what happens when it actually does work.

"My job," says Richard Corten, editor of the tabloid *California Monthly*, "is to interpret Berkeley and the changes that have happened here in an intelligent manner. This requires a great deal of thought. We try to show what's happening in academic minds—the scholarly research, the debates on the important issues of the day."

Although *California Monthly* isn't directly involved in Berkeley's fund-raising and development efforts, it is, like most alumni magazines, the main communication link between the university and its graduates. What Berkeley's alumni read in *California Monthly*—or whether they read it at all—undoubtedly affects their willingness to donate money. Says Corten:

> I'm always looking over my shoulder at the mix between what the readers want and what the administration wants. What is really interesting? What are the basic things that are happening? We think we're pretty credible among students, because we put the magazine in the news racks around the campus and they pick it up.
>
> The fund-raising and development office at Berkeley wants to present a positive image of the university. Some magazine editors walk a razor's edge because they're dealing with a group of readers who like their alma mater but don't necessarily want to hear the truth about it. At Berkeley we're fortunately blessed with alumni who want to hear the unalloyed truth.

Lately Corten has been struggling with how, if at all, to report Berkeley's involvement in the Patricia Hearst story. (Patty Hearst was a Berkeley undergraduate when she was kidnapped last March and her mother is a member of the University of California board of regents.)

"If we could get an angle on it that hasn't been done already, we'd do a story," Corten explains. "Eighty per cent of our readers live in California. They understand that because we're a monthly we can't keep up with the papers and television in reporting news. We already did a brief round-up story on the kidnapping and the tapes. We want to be a credible publication and we don't want to omit anything important, but where do we go next?"

In a larger sense, the question of where to go next is one that many editors are asking themselves. Some editors would prefer to bring out general interest magazines, and the trend toward competition with established professional magazines has inspired considerable imitation of other editorial styles. The graphics and occasionally cheeky manner of *Esquire, Harper's* and *New York Magazine* have been widely copied.

One of the most successful imitators is *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, published by the University of Pennsylvania and edited by Anthony Lyle. Lyle's rather freewheeling editorial approach has resulted in a weird brew of articles: a cover story on beer tasting, original art by Charles Addams, fiction by Philip Roth, a memoir of World War II detention camps for Japanese-Americans, and an extraordinary series about dying, written by a terminally ill Penn professor. Lyle appreciates lively first-person narrative, but occasionally he allows a writer to ramble.

"In selecting article topics," says Lyle, "I think about what is interesting to me personally. Essentially people want to read things that are well-written, that have verve. If there's anything that a university is, it's a center of creativity, so occasionally we publish poetry and fiction. We don't have to be utilitarian, and I don't think that we should pretend that the academic world is the real world."

Although the *Gazette* is totally subsidized by the university, Lyle is convinced that his independence is safe. It's not even that he edits a magazine which is particularly idiosyncratic—it's just that alumni magazines today are awfully different from what they were fifteen years ago.

The best magazines are trying to suggest what the world will look like tomorrow. Indeed, if a reader probes between the lines, the proper alumni magazine can offer startling insights into the American character and destiny. Take, for example, the July 1973 edition of the official magazine of Whittier College, alma mater of Richard M. Nixon. This issue, which contains a letter from Mr. Nixon as well as drops of wisdom from W. Clement Stone, tries to answer the question, "Where Is Whittier Going?," suggesting vaguely that as goes Whittier so goes the nation.

It is all, however, a clever PR maneuver, because, in these troubled times for private education, Whittier badly needs money. Might Whittier, like the rest of us, be going broke? Can Whittier, like the rest of us, stonewall inflation? The Whittier College alumni magazine, by the way, is titled *The Rock*. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Fidelity to Childhood

GEORGES BERNANOS. *By Robert Speaight. Liveright. 285 pp. $8.95.*

JOSEPH CUNNEEN

Georges Bernanos (1888-1948) is one of the greatest French writers of the century, yet is all but unknown in the United States. This is partly due to his being labeled a Catholic novelist, his fiction first appearing here before World War II when the philistine defensiveness of American Catholicism provided a ready excuse for neglect on the part of critics unprepared for the intensity of his prophetic vision. Today, on the other hand, Bernanos' insistence on the reality of original sin is an embarrassment to the "liberated" affectations of many post-Vatican Council Catholics, and one can only hope that those whose choice of comrades is unfettered by party or sect will come to discover a work that celebrates a fidelity to childhood and an ultimate triumph over an obsession with death.

Robert Speaight's no-nonsense biography, the first full-length study in English, should prove a major aid in this discovery, since it provides a needed historical and cultural context for problems that Bernanos presents for an unprepared Anglo-Saxon audience. Instinctively a man of the Right, Bernanos was a royalist with ties to an older France, and never quite succeeded in expelling the anti-Semitism he imbibed from his first master, Edouard Drumont. His comments on men and events were often marred by polemical rage, and his attacks on governments and political leaders never represented a program around which others could gather. After leaving France before Munich, his voice represented the highest hopes of a wide section of the Resistance, but returning from Brazil in 1945 at the request of de Gaulle, he could not come to terms with post-liberation compromises and he greeted the American press after his famous 1947 Sorbonne lecture with "Democracy has been the death of us."

Speaight is good at helping us recognize that Bernanos' sense of the vocation of France is something for which nationalism is only an unworthy caricature. Similarly, the novelist's royalist sympathies were not dictated by a desire to justify privilege but by a belief that democracy had given license to the reign of money. Probably the most painful proof of his inability to lie was given during the Spanish Civil War, which he witnessed from the island of Majorca. *Les Grands cimetières sous la lune* (translated in English as *Diary of My Times*), a denunciation of the terror unleashed by Franco's "Crusade," fell like a bomb on right-wing opinion in France because it was the testimony of a man who initially had been in wholehearted sympathy with the Nationalist insurrection. As Speaight writes, "Bernanos was convinced that crimes committed in the name of religion were more reprehensible than those committed against it."

A similar independence and purification of his own starting point can be seen in Bernanos' fiction. In the United States the austere films made by Robert Bresson from *Diary of a Country Priest* and *Mouchette* may be more widely known than their sources; however admirable, they are no substitute for them. The world of Bernanos' novels is a dark one, yet even those characters most given over to self-deception and the power of the lie are usually allowed a moment in which they look back, however briefly, at the dreams of their youth. In his first novel, the Abbé Donisan, responding to the wild cry of the despairing young village girl who has murdered the aristocrat from the chateau, must duel with no less a personage than the devil. The scene in which the priest, himself on the brink of despair, meets the mysterious horse dealer on a lonely road at night, is worthy of Dostoevsky. As Albert Béguin has put it, however, in the final analysis Bernanos does not divide the world between good and bad but between the saints, who have kept faith with childhood, and those wretched men and women who have not.

By the time Bernanos came to *Diary of a Country Priest*—and when will Macmillan accept responsibility for reissuing it in a new and worthy translation?—he was able to dispense with all melodrama, and the reality of the supernatural is even more palpable. Speaight sagely observes that here the novelist is in complete control over "the Fury of satire"; despite the pessimism, "the window is left open to joy." Rather than a catalogue of pastoral success left by an enlightened reformer, the book suggests a growth in spiritual wisdom as the Curé of Ambricourt moves imperceptibly to death, an apparent failure, with no visible achievements. Childhood is linked with the spirit of poverty, and Bernanos' lyricism is never more alive than in the agonized voice of the priest who wishes "to establish the poor in justice without establishing them in power."

Monsieur Ouine, Bernanos' most difficult novel, has never been published in the United States. Some of his most distinguished commentators consider it his masterpiece, connecting it with the *nouveau roman,* and Béguin calls it his boldest and most original creation. If Speaight does not quite accept this judgment, he understands that its reality is that of dream and that "it represents the abdication of the omniscient narrator." There is ambiguity in the title, a composite of *oui* and *non,* and we cannot make out a causal relationship between the central character and the dead parish which seems to be decomposing before our eyes. Speaight points out that whereas in *Under the Sun of Satan* the devil "was a formidable substance," here he is "a fascinating vacancy."

Readers made nervous by Bernanos' predilection for priests as central characters might well begin with his last work of fiction, *Mouchette,* a short novella about another betrayed child. Here, although there is no theological scaffolding and God seems totally absent, "the world of the deepest night becomes a world of grace" (Béguin). Attention to the voice of the narrator as he recounts Mouchette's final moments of abandon should make clear that the "religious" quality of Bernanos' writing is primarily a matter of the quality of compassion, expressed without hint of sentimentality.

It may seem surprising to Americans that Bernanos' name was evoked by some of the Paris student protesters in 1968; surely he would have had nothing but sarcasm for the dialogue with communism, the apostles of process, or the devotees of Teilhard's omega point. Nevertheless, no contemporary novelist more successfully expresses an interior

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revolt against the domination of expertise, the slavery of technology, the tyranny of the university, and the world of the concentration camps. When a young Brazilian girl asked for a message, he wrote in her album: "Never become a grown-up person! You have only to read the Gospels to see that there is a conspiracy among the grown-ups against the spirit of childhood." The testimony is all the stronger coming from one who struggled constantly with despair and was haunted by the visible presence of evil: "When I am dead, tell the sweet kingdom of the earth that I have loved it more than I ever dared to say." □

In Money Terms, It Worked Fine

TIME ON THE CROSS. *By Robert W. Fogel and Stanley L. Engerman. Little, Brown and Company. 267 pp. $12.50.*

CHRISTOPHER DELL

Considering the hostility generated between white liberals and conservatives over the discussion of American racial problems, it is remarkable to what extent many members of the two camps are wholly in agreement, and always have been.

When men like Malcolm X and Stokely Carmichael have cursed white Americans without exception for their stand on racial matters, the liberals have always responded with astonishment, denying association with racist philosophy of any kind. But there are many blacks who see it differently, and they are not all nitwits. They have a case.

The case, as such, is not presented in *Time on the Cross: The Economics of American Negro Slavery* by Robert W. Fogel and Stanley L. Engerman. But the unmistakable interrelation of the views of the conservative racists and those of many of their white liberal adversaries is well argued, as is also the contention that both sides have been wrong in most of their major assumptions and almost all of their statistics, over the past 100 years.

Time on the Cross has been subjected to a vigorous denunciation by Prof. Eugene D. Genovese, of the University of Rochester, on the ground that it contains a lot of arguments already well known to the readers of professional journals in the field of history. But the book was not written with the object of informing professionals; it is aimed at the general reading public, to whom it should prove highly interesting.

One of the great conservative clichés of Civil War history, for many years now, has been the argument that the institution of slavery was too expensive, too inefficient, and too dependent on a soil-destroying single-crop economy to prevail in competition with a free industrial economy. Had there been no Civil War, the slave economy would surely have ruined the soil of the Southwest as it already had ruined the soil of the Southeast, and the slaves (incapable of factory work) would have had to be freed. But the Abolitionists, by insulting the South, inflamed the Southern spirit and the war was the result. So we were advised by the conservatives. But none of this is true, it would appear. Armed with great quantities of statistics, Fogel and Engerman refute the conservative contentions, one by one.

In seeking to pin the blame for the economic plight of 20th-century black American society on slavery, liberal historians long have contended that the inhuman working conditions and the material deprivation of slavery rendered the slave the worst of all possible workers, reacting only to the lash. The black freedman, as a consequence, was lazy, inept and unproductive. Slave-breeding, sexual exploitation and white-sponsored sexual promiscuity were responsible, the liberals declared, for destruction of the slave family tradition. But, lo and behold, it would seem then none of this is true, either.

What has irritated black nationalists for some time has been the general agreement among white historians and sociologists that blacks are incompetent as workers, businessmen and heads of families. The only question at issue has been, which branch of white American society was responsible for this deplorable state of affairs? Nobody was stopping to ask if the conditions were real, if the black record really was all that bad. Fogel and Engerman have done the asking in this book and have provided a great collection of interesting answers.

Contrary to general belief, slavery was a very successful economic arrange-

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LIKE LAOCOÖN

Like Laocoön
in the power of
a will
an order
men must act out
be it to their detriment
a will that works
its rule through them
a will they can
enact but not control

Like Laocoön
serpents wrapped around
his shoulders and
his legs
thick slimy ropes
a pull as of the sea
dragging to take him
into their own
turmoil and lair
the exact opposite of where
he may have striven
all his years to get

Like Laocoön
his head
his shoulders turned from
the slime sent
to bring him down
so that the other side
favored by this *god*
may win

Like Laocoön
his gaze fixed on
his besieged town
his mind looking beyond
to the calm
the spacious pavilions
the defenders
may think about
but cannot now see
—the high uplands
their zone
of safety
everyman's
promised return—

So do I—
like Laocoön held
by unremitting pulls—
turn toward You
Immutable
Spine Column
Invisible
Center that
can never fall apart

and plead
to endure

Arthur Gregor

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ment in the United States, largely as a result of black efficiency. Not only were the workers black but most of the managers—the drivers and the overseers—were black, and their performance was outstanding, in the economic sense. Nor was the black family very often destroyed by slavery. Family morale was vital to slave production and the families were kept together whenever possible. So the authors contend.

Some inescapable conclusions would appear to emerge from this presentation—that slavery was by no means dying out of its own accord; that the slave system could have been (and already was being) adapted to industrial life. Also apparent is the fact that current unemployment problems afflicting blacks in American industrial areas cannot be traced to slave-bred inefficiency. Whatever industrial inefficiency has been developed within the black community evolved under the influence of Northern industrial traditions, not of Southern slave traditions.

White historians have been very tough on black Americans over the years, intentionally and otherwise, overlooking and frequently misrepresenting their accomplishments in the most publicized areas of American endeavor. (Only recently, for example, has it become the style to report full-scale black participation in the Union military operations of the Civil War. Only recently has it been the style to admit even to the existence of the black cowboy and the black prospector.) But the damage done by the economic mis-informers, who created the lazy, nonworking black stereotype of slavery times was perhaps the worst of all.

So many interesting economic arguments are presented in this book that it is difficult to choose the most impressive. Perhaps it is the one that casts aside the time-honored contention, still utilized in every standard Civil War study concerned with economic matters, that slaveholders were careless of the land, killing its usefulness with one-crop economies—first tobacco, then cotton—moving Westward all the time, in search of land not yet destroyed by their own malpractice.

In the view of Fogel and Engerman all of this is fantasy. While wheat and tobacco and rice were bringing good prices on the market, the planters had good reason for remaining in the East where those crops grew well. When the demand for cotton surpassed the demands for tobacco, wheat and rice, the planters moved West, where cotton was easier to grow. (As accomplished farmers, the planters were too clever to destroy their own land through ignorant behavior, despite suggestions to the contrary by hundreds of historians over the past century.)

That is just one example of the idol-wrecking that goes on in this book. There are dozens of others, including the denial of a current sociological assumption that the slave society was largely matriarchal. Not so, the authors say. Slaves were employed in many executive capacities, and all persons so employed were males.

Utilizing computers, the authors have investigated evidence in great quantity never before considered by economists. Their conclusions are startling, and they also happen to be good writers.

If there is a weakness apparent in *Time on the Cross*, it is the tendency to brand the great mass of anti-slavery reformers with a charge of racism that properly applies only to some. Surely it fits in the case of historians like James Ford Rhodes and Frederick L. Olmsted and some of the Republican leaders of the Civil War period who opposed slavery without later working for the goal of equal economic opportunity. But the charge does not apply to radical Republicans in general. Not to Garrison or Phillips or Thaddeus Stevens, or "Czar" Reed, who was always ready to tear his party to pieces in behalf of civil rights reform. In the manner of many other critics of the radicals of Reconstruction times, the authors overlook the Supreme Court as the killer of equal political opportunity, in certain civil rights decisions of the 1870s, 1880s and 1890s.

Having snooted the anti-slavery reformers in this way, the authors get carried away to the point of overlooking cruelty as a means of obtaining the submission of certain slaves under certain conditions. With cruelty out of the picture—and it surely is out of this account—slavery can appear to be a kind of happy picnic lunch. It is all a matter of emphasis, of course, but it seems that the authors have overdone their anti-Abolitionist protestations to the point of appearing as the friends of slavery. Perhaps this was done merely for the sake of shock effect. If so, it implies both confusion and bad taste. Nevertheless, *Time on the Cross* is full of arguments and ideas that many of us have never seen in print before, all of which are worth thinking about. □

BOOKS ON ARCHITECTURE

JANE HOLTZ KAY

TIGHT SPACES: Hard Architecture and How to Humanize It. *By Robert Sommer. Prentice-Hall. 150 pp. $6.95. Paper $2.45.*

"Tight spaces" might be called bureaucratic architecture, hard design or, simply, lack of livability. By any name, the psychologist Robert Sommer doesn't like them. Hard architecture cramps his style, depresses his spirit, and—as he sometimes researches, sometimes speculates—does the same to the rest of the population.

This book is largely speculation on the subject. *Personal Space*, its influential predecessor, was research. There is room for both: the personal cries of pain here will find a ready response. Anyone ever irked by an airport waiting room or depressed by the stone-wall theory of architecture (implying that something tough and ugly will be immune to breakage) will cry "huzzah" to Sommer's statements. Anyone who has ever chafed at clocks that cannot be detached and repaired, rigid library seats, at do-not-touch dormitory or office walls and windowless rooms, or who has blanched at the theory that holds that "any effort to soften hard buildings and improve the lot of the public-housing tenant, the prisoner, or the park user" is a frill, will nod in agreement.

Believing that "bureaucratic architecture reaches its acme in institutions for the infirm, handicapped and elderly," Sommer devotes chapters to prisons, zoos, hospitals and classrooms. (Classrooms because they contain the caged, one supposes.)

Those who are sympathetic to the message will wish that Sommer had woven his past research, news events and personal bias into a tighter work. The book reads like a scholar's hurry-up attempt to touch a popular audience. That is fine: I, for one, would be hard-pressed to name another readable text that talks about how buildings really touch their users. There is a literature of "sculptural" descriptions on star architects but little on the burgeoning work of sociologists; critics fail to consider how a structure really serves the people it means to serve, as Sommer says. One wishes the author had given this wide audience a more cohesive, better organized narrative than the tidbits spliced together but not secured—a more valuable as well as valid polemic.

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THE FAITH OF GRAFFITI. *Documented by Mervyn Kurlansky and Jon Naar. Text by Norman Mailer. An Alskog Book. Praeger Publishers. 120 pp. $14.95. Paper $7.95.*

Leave it to Norman Mailer to give graffiti a bad name. Appropriating—one might say exploiting—the artistry of the spray-can set for his own prose purposes, Mailer writes a turgid text with himself as "A-i," aesthetic investigator.

Apparently the publishers or "documenters" Kurlansky and Naar lacked faith in graffiti and their own talents to make this sometime art form richer still through the splendid photographs here. Mailer's text is, to use his own word, an "excrescence," irritating in its densely convoluted style and downright ignorant in its assessment of the meaning of contemporary art and of this new urban art form, if you will.

"Journalism is chores," Mailer begins. He much prefers to lodge his words on "the rim of the enigma, to the Sea of Vortices where the meanings whirl with no meaning." Patient reader's head must therefore spin in this vortex trying to read from paragraph to paragraph. The treatise is set in the center of this otherwise admirable book. Talk about chores: to sort out the facts of an interview with Lindsay, some asides on modern art and Mailer circling upon his own insights, is a major ordeal. Somewhere a valid topic is lost; somewhere Mailer's tantalizing thoughts decide to talk to one another rather than tell you and me about the graffiti-ist or the artist-takeover of public walls and train façades. Those who like their coffee-table books straight may choose to snip out this outrageous centerfold and enjoy the stunning photos, good quality reproduction and the smashing view of New York Ugly (tenements, garbage cans, concrete walls) made into a pop/pretty vernacular.

FLO: A Biography of Frederick Law Olmsted. *By Laura Wood Roper. The Johns Hopkins University Press. 555 pp. $15.*

Some books by-pass their hour. Had Laura Wood Roper's *FLO*, gestating now for almost a generation, appeared a decade ago, it would have been a landmark book, awakening America to a landmark figure in both a literal and biographical sense. Frederick Law Olmsted, founder of landscape architecture, created so many green spaces from coast to coast that Central Park figures prominently but not overwhelmingly in his *oeuvre*: the first head of the American Red Cross, a founder of this magazine, a major journalist and social recorder of the pre-Civil War South, he is both the prototypal 19th-century Renaissance man and a genius in his singular field.

To the greeners of America, Olmsted should be a saint; to historians an intriguing figure. As the first, Olmsted merits the many if now late-blooming books on his work; as the second, he does not quite merit this hefty biography. By failing to perceive Olmsted's landscape genius—in contrast to his meritoriousness as a social and political figure—Roper has shaped a work less definitive than "quantitative." Had the book appeared later, Roper might have benefited from works like those of Albert Fein that place Olmsted's artistry in the perspective afforded by his landscape-architecture predecessors, peers and inferiors; or of John Brickerhoff Jackson whose superb *American Space* (Norton) surveys the man-made environment. Had it perceived the trends of current scholarship, it would have rewarded the reader with more of both psychiatry and sociology. Though packed with details and smooth if conventional in both its prose and analytical approach, the book misses a great opportunity.

Part of the difficulty in limning Olmsted's master work is that he himself did not realize its call until late in life. Olmsted made abortive forays into scientific farming and journeyed somewhat idly through England ("Walks and Talks of an American Farmer") long before Central Park, executed with Calvert Vaux, made him aware of his métier. "If a fairy had shaped it for me, it could not have fitted me better. It was normal, ordinary and naturally outgrowing from my previous life"—so he described the work that came to him in his mid-30s—"and it occupied my whole heart." The book details the harassment of shaping Central Park, Prospect Park, the work at Yosemite, Mariposa, Niagara,

ASTRONOMY LESSON

"If all the people in the world were crushed into the size of a tear-drop, their density would equal that of a neutron star."

In memoriam, my loves, my children gone away, I am awake
And study the breeding ground of stars, the Galaxy
Named once-upon-a-family-time for milk that streamed
From Juno as she fled past homey constellations,
Ram to Fish, eclipsing the ardor of an astral hound
And kindling a trail of nightlights for a breast-fed world.

Though Attic curricula are dead, though Venus and Mercury
are names of stones; our universal dust, the seeded mother-stuff
Crushed to a density by force on inconstant force, contracts
In cosmic pangs that issue light. For this birth too,
Parental dark of matter shines in the excited interim
Received on earth with Adoration as a newborn Star.

Young stars are hot, but instability fathers continuous change.
Heirs all decline. Fusion consumes, their hydrogen burns low,
Hearts cool and cave-in, giants are dwarfed, neutron . . . pulsar . . . gone . . .
As you are gone, as generations drift, where light-years distant,
Fond believer, I still wish on diamonds in the sky, oh knowing,
Knowing my galaxy has spiraled outward in a Red Shift.

Red Shift! Words that absurdly bring back Cows-Come-Home lowing
With milk, shooed on by sunburnt boys astride pasture bars.
Remember? Summer nights. Blankets. Fireflies and fireworks of stars
Scattered confetti through space. Intact in the holiday dark
The moon, still a virgin, was veiled in her lunatic-lover myths,
And prodigal children, like moons, returned from wherever they roamed.

Old gods! Our hopes are spent. A new astronomy prevails.
They teach it now: They were not stars that played, merely some scraps
Of a dead sun's debris, shed in the vast repulsion that compels
Each thing created to reject whatever force created it.

What's it to me, if from this fiery interchange earth's elements arise,
Or other hydrogen startles the universe with its compendium of change,
If the substance I've loved and tended is driven to swirl
Where cloudlike quiescence imposes a teardrop shape on the world.

Nina Schneider

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in Chicago, Boston, Montreal, and across the continent. But it is marked by a kind of detachment from the "heart" of the matter—the passionate commitment. "Bereaved and crippled, Olmsted yet presented a stoic face to the world." So does the book.

Olmsted's life spanned the century of America's "beautification" and industrialization alike. Born in 1822, he lived to see the social democratic impulses that drove him to create parks as breathing spaces supplanted by the special demands of a clientele that wanted lush estates and a less natural approach to the landscape, designed to dress up the environment into a formal setting for little Louvres. "In 1857 not a city in the United States had a rural, spacious public park," as Roper points out. By the end of his life, the United States brimmed with green pleasure groves. We have barely maintained, much less augmented, his planned space.

Olmsted's philosophy of open space and design upon the land as the means of enlightening the new masses of immigrants may seem quite as out of fashion now as the moderate views of Southern slavery set forth in his *Journey in the Back Country*. But both had equal efficacy in his day, and some grounding in his own realities. As either journalist or landscape designer, Olmsted plunged into the center of the political and social fray. During the Civil War, he was as committed as any soldier in his work with the U.S. Sanitary Commission that preceded the Red Cross. He could not escape, if he would, the administrative and political aspects of his plans. Later, Olmsted lamented the disparate pulls of his life; he pressed his son to learn the practical details of landscape architecture, insisting that he know the Latin names for plants—the taxonomy of horticulture that Olmsted himself never mastered. Perhaps it was necessary for Olmsted to engage in petty squabbles, inseparable as they were from the large issues of his era and his work—and even to lose sight of the forest for the trees from time to time. It is too bad that this long-awaited, much-needed and well-documented biography also makes the reader do so too often.

MASTER BUILDERS OF THE ANIMAL WORLD. *By David Hancocks. Harper & Row. 144 pp. $8.95.*

Pity the poor human ego. It can only be daunted by the beautiful nest-building of the birds; by the superb engineering of the well-tooled jerboa (its hands and legs brush back the soil of the tunnel, its nose and head stabilize the walls); by the disparate architectural gifts of spiders and wheatears, bees and ants. David Hancocks proves that most other "master builders of the animal world" best us any day in ingenuity, functional wisdom and grace. Some even have something like an aesthetic sense: used with tact and modesty, of course.

The author, a British architect who is at present involved in a zoo project in Seattle, according to the book jacket, has fortunately not written a "gee-whiz" bestiary. He wisely refrains from playing Art Linkletter to a cute brood of animal creatures. It is a pleasure, for instance, to read of the beaver who is not, in fact, terribly busy and—like his human kin—may "equally regularly choose an awkward site which has to be abandoned" or ravage the landscape with his excavations.

Hancocks does not go out of his way to point up human deficiencies. Though he will note how man has wrecked the ecological balance or destroyed species or communities of animals like the prairie dog, he does not dote on those

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—Fredrick Wertham, M.D.,
(in the *New York Law Journal*
July 19, 1974)

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things. One misses his using the animals as grist for a more moralistic mill.

Those with an environmental or architectural bent will find intriguing Hancocks' sketches of animals as creators of "Mobile Architecture" or as "The Cooperative Builders." Photographs relieve a style that tends to be encyclopedic rather than flowing, or pointed to the human or design implications of the material. Still, one emerges agreeing with Hancocks' conclusion that "for elegance and precision, for structural ingenuity and for powers of improvisation the animal builders are . . . better at architecture than we are." Is it not comforting to know that if the cockroaches, termites and ants inherit our poor spent earth, they will create better buildings than their human predecessors extinguished by their ecological follies?

CLOSE-UP: How to Read the American City. *By Grady Clay. Praeger Publishers. 192 pp. $10.*

Grady Clay hasn't learned to love Las Vegas' commercial architecture but he's learned to speak its language or lingo. In this down-to-earth lexicon, the editor of *Landscape Architecture* alternately invents or elaborates on the natural vocabulary of the landscape to give clues to what he, or we, call "fixes," "fronts," "sinks," "beats" and "turfs." Not that Clay endorses such aspects: he simply feels that these names for run-down sections tell more about the reality of the American city than all the fancy prose on design composition.

Clay views the mid-sized or small town in his "close-up" rather than large urban pedestrian places like Boston or New York. Naturally enough, his observations stem from his own world around Louisville, rather more agricultural and perhaps crabbed and ruined by commerce in a slightly different mode than that of the conventional corners that planners view. In Louisville, he publishes his magazine. Like the magazine, the book may have forced or precious moments, but the ideas and definitions are pragmatic, slightly perverse, and rarely the conventional yea-saying to the establishment found in ordinary design-trade publications.

Clay's book of words for common places reminds me of the preachments of the staple English teacher who plumps for plain Anglo-Saxon words and no Latinate pretensions, please! "Do you observe at your neighborhood lumberyard that rough-sawed lumber is no longer stocked, and that the stock is all semi-finished?" he asks. "Or do you notice that red tile pipe has disappeared from the plumber's supply yard and that only metal pipes are now in stock? These shifts," his sly primer goes on, "may indicate that the profit margin has dropped on rough or lightweight products, that taxes have gone up forcing a change to higher margin items, that the business has changed hands or that the owners are packing in the higher items before selling out. Something is going." Not the observations of the usual armchair architect.

Despite this seeming activism, Clay does not enjoin the reader to *act*. He will not excoriate the ordinary or ugly, but opts for "messy reality," in place of cold purity. Clay is not perverse or amoral in this pose, however, and his directing our attention to his mundane but real segment of the world—making us see the prickly cactus planted around a suburban Phoenix home (to demonstrate "turf") or a building laced by roads (to show "strip" building in action)—will help us recognize both the banal and the perniciously banal.

UNDERGROUND INTERIORS: Decorating for Alternate Lifestyles. *By Norma Skurka and Oberto Gili. Quadrangle/ The New York Times Book Co. 122 pp. Paper $5.95.*

"Radical chic" architecture is a bathtub in the kitchen; an alternative way of life lies in a wall of frames without pictures ("a joy to behold") and barbells in the bathroom. "Surrealist Interiors," in this book, have wedding-cake sculpture ("nibble on it," the owners insist), fake orchids and beaded bathtubs. As for "Environments," they include foam-sprayed structures with do-it-yourself windows, translucent sails stretched inside a Manhattan apartment, and woolly lamb stools in a sculpted floor by Paul Rudolph.

All these fill out this spirited *House and Garden* tour of the counter-culture. As can be seen, there is nothing murky, impoverished or subversive about *Underground Interiors* (Skurka is the writer and Gili the photographer). They have produced a vervy house tour, marred only by a tendency to pontificate and to extract sermons on redeeming social virtue from work that is, in the end, by the creative elite for the creative elite.

The photographs show dazzling interiors, rooms of pizazz—even of genius in a finite or frivolous manner. The text that accompanies them has a tone that is alternatingly chichi and heavy-handed. "Uptight thinking and seriousness are non-existent in today's underground environments—replaced by *avant-garde* fun and games," the author writes. The designer described in this way is Vietnamese (shame on that country for being uptight or serious). And, more to the point, to say that zesty works do not stem from serious thoughts is to misread the difficulty of the design process.

"What style shall my living room be? What color? Shall I wallpaper or paint? Wall-to-wall or area rugs? Acrilan, nylon or wool? Neutral or patterned?" the text parrots the questions of the average householder. And it goes on: "How ridiculously confusing and meaningless are these questions to the growth and survival of mankind—and to the preservation of its ultimate environment, the fragile planet earth! . . . Environmental design seeks to do away with much of this senseless confusion." The authors lash out at the establishment version of decorating, and who can argue against the irrelevance of such preoccupations? But is the beautiful—is the vanguard flair displayed here so entertainingly—any more "relevant"? For authors who rhapsodize about "platforms covered in powder-puff pink carpeting" to belittle as materialistic the more conventional taste of their fellow well-fed, is merely the nonsense still afloat in the after-wash of the counter-culture crusade.

LOOKING AT ARCHITECTURE. *By Roberta M. Paine. Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Co. 127 pp. $5.95.*

"Find me China!" came the cry from my 8-year-old, and wonder of wonders, here was a children's architecture book that had China. "Is Africa there?" and sure enough, there was Nigerian architecture. Books on architecture for children are rare, and cross-cultural global ones as agreeable as this, even rarer.

What Paine's "today-is-Tuesday-this-must-be-the-Pyramids" approach loses in historic continuity, it gains in richness: not only the staple Western Pantheon and Parthenon appear here but the Pyramids and the temples of Teotihuacán in Mexico ("larger than the city of Rome") and the Church of Santa Sophia. The explanations are clear and the photographs fine; the book is well priced.

Alas, however, for the last quarter of the book, dealing with contemporary architecture. Paine's theory of city planning and architectural criticism seems mired in the cliché of the tower in the park now so lifeless and sterile in our cities. She is far too impressed with the technological tricks of bulldoze and rebuild as practiced in Hartford, Conn., and she must be awed to the point of visual paralysis to devote a half-dozen pages to Moshe Safdie, sound though his work be, with nary a word for the Bauhaus, Le Corbusier, Louis Sullivan, Gropius, Frank Lloyd Wright, et al.

Nevertheless, these startling exclusions, and uncritical if not myopic inclusions, should not lessen the value of the 100 preceding pages. Child and grownup

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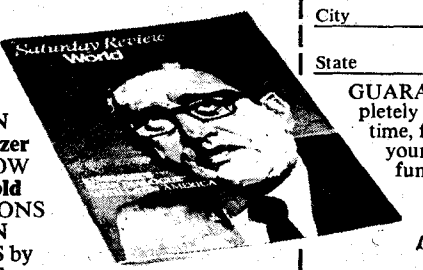

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can benefit from the historical pictures and passages, and skip to more current primers for the last half-century.

FROM TIPI TO SKYSCRAPER: A History of Women in Architecture. *By Doris Cole. i press. 136 pp. $8.95. Paper $3.95.*

"Suppose," says the untamed hero of Rodgers and Hammerstein's *Carousel* speculating on his coming offspring, "Suppose *he* is a *she*!" Suppose that the first *hes* in architecture were *shes*.

This may be one reaction to Doris Cole's *From Tipi to Skyscraper*, the first outline of women's role in architecture. In this somewhat skimpy text, the author finds that the scant 2 per cent of women among American architects may be the reverse of historic pattern. Women it seems, raised tipis and shaped the pristine patterns of the "modern" designs of Shaker culture. Even at their 19th-century nadir, they managed to infiltrate the male builder's domain through tracts on manners and by being in general charge of the domestic turf.

One's assumptions had always been otherwise. The "master builder" image is certainly masculine, as are most of the mystiques of the profession as it is practiced in the United States.

True, once out of the pioneer or frontier culture, American women receded into the household. As the profession of architecture grew, even the stereotypes that might have made them welcome —women as "artistic," women as humane, women as caretakers for the home—didn't do much good. But the model of early woman as shelter builder should erase one faulty preconception.

Otherwise, the slimness of this volume doesn't let the author go much into why or how or what, or even to mention the "whos" that women researchers are now exploring with great zeal. Three hundred or 400 years is a vast time span to study, of course, and a chapter devoted to a century doesn't allow for much depth. Still, one wonders why the writer, a practicing architect—or for that matter, the publisher, Mary Otis Stevens, also an architect—didn't illumine the last contemporary chapter with personal insights. That section is the most superficial in a book whose fascinating tidbits whet the appetite for more.

REUSING RAILROAD STATIONS. *A Report from Educational Facilities Laboratories, New York. 87 pp. $4.*

Why must they say "reusing" railroad stations? Why not just *using* these stations—these splendid old cavernous corners of the country—as stations? What would have been rather more radical than showing the "masterpiece" Cincinnati Union Terminal, the Duluth Union Depot ("one of the finest examples of French Norman architecture in the nation") or the whole fleet of large and small, quirkish and stately, robust or fanciful monuments to the railroad age . . . would have been to have broached the subject of incorporating them again as railroad stations.

As the United States hopefully turns to mass transit, the old use might have more meaning than the authors of this study probably suspected at the time of research and writing by Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates, New York architects.

Notwithstanding, the 20,000 existing stations provided Educational Facilities Laboratories abundant examples of superlative architecture spread out herein. The accompanying sagas are fascinating and tragic evidence of the aesthetic and urban myopia of the communities in which they lodged. Only the diligent few could adapt and reuse these bounteous buildings pocketed across the country. Indifferent public officials and avaricious developers have felled them as white elephants and, shockingly, tried to thwart those who would salvage their legacy.

Beyond charting their downfall or depicting their fate, this is an activist text suggesting specific means to finance and, as said, "reuse" the architecture. The history of railroading and the fine photographs fill out a useful cataloguing that only missed emphasizing one vital use of old stations—the original one.

WHAT TIME IS THIS PLACE. *By Kevin Lynch. The M.I.T. Press. 277 pp $10.*

Time—call it change, growth, development—is the missing dimension of place, and Kevin Lynch, a provider of missing links (even though we didn't know they were missing until he provided them), supplies it in this provocative book.

Flatten and rebuild, speculators have told us for the last decade. "Preservation is progress," insists the new slogan of the National Trust for Historic Preser-

BEYOND THE EAST GATE

I listen to the voice of the cricket,
loud in the quiet night,
warning me
not to mistake a hill for a mountain.

In a private house with doors that open only outward,
safe from strangers who smell of death,
I want to be alone
where I can draft a universe under my eyelids
and let nothing invade it.

I want to pass a fugue from my lips
that will sound like the genius of flowers
as they talk to the leaves on their stems,
to have more concrete meaning
than even the growth of a child in my uterus.

I feel like a lost and primitive priestess
wandering in a walled city of the wrong century.
I need to spend thirty years in the desert
before I will understand the sun,
thirty years at sea
to gather the meaning of salt and water.

In the back room of my skull
a secret dice game is in progress
to determine the rites my hands must accomplish
before I will let them touch you again.

I want to reach a peace
I have never known before,
to be an old woman
who is very young,
a child who is a wise sage
come down from the mountain.

Daniela Gioseffi

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vation. Lynch brings perspective and resonance to the argument by explaining the impact of time on the environment. "The arguments of planning," he says, "all come down to the management of change." Change is embodied in the physical world—spelled architecture—and the philosophical or human one, through time. Difficult concepts and, for all the liveliness of the examples, a difficult book.

Lynch's narrative presents the problem of time and flux through case studies. He asks more questions than he, or anyone, can answer, and the book moves in a somewhat curving, episodic path. Still Lynch's ideas, his thought processes, his linkages, and his providing examples like 17th-century Bath or modern Cuba for deeper reverberations, are fascinating.

Unlike his earlier books, *The Image of the City*, *Site Planning*, or the briefer *View from the Road*, this book roams outside Lynch's specialty—planning. It touches philosophy, history and literature, and ranges in subject matter from traffic lights through shards from a pottery factory to film. "Time," Lynch writes, "is a mental device to give order to events by identifying them as coexisting or successive." It is a typical Lynchian way of abstracting and illuminating a less lofty battle on "coexisting" buildings (preservation) or "successive" ones (bulldoze). Moving by fits and starts, Lynch's book spotlights time as the dynamic of place. It is an element not easily isolated, not easily discussed, but necessary as we try to design "life-enhancing environments" . . . in time. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Jim Nutt can be seen in splendid isolation at the Whitney Museum (until October 23) in a big one-man show originated by the Museum of Contemporary Art, Chicago. It is splendid isolation in the sense that he has been detached from the group with which he is associated, the Hairy Who. This is a group which exhibited collectively under that name in 1966 and after. Nutt has been generally regarded as the dominant figure since Walter Hopps of the National Collection of Fine Arts put him in the American pavilion of the Venice Biennale a couple of years ago. In his first reputation, as one of the gang, criticism compared him with his peers in the Hairy Who, but now that there is a retrospective, with about sixty works covering the last eight years, closer scrutiny seems called for.

Historically, the Hairy Who work is in a post-Pop Art style; that is, ideas or motifs taken from Pop were developed without severing all connections to their point of departure. The Who took that aspect of Pop Art that in the early 1960s used material quoted from popular culture as a source of crude, refreshing energy. Roy Lichtenstein's "Girl With a Ball" derived from a primitive ad for the Poconos; Rosenquist's paraphrase of a movie ad with the inscription "Joan Crawford Says," and Warhol's "Before and After" are examples of this mode. These works are less complex than normal Pop Art as they celebrate their *brut* sources directly rather than subjecting them to transformation and double takes. (The Warhol, taken from an ad for nose surgery, in which a beak becomes petite, can still rouse suspicions of anti-Semitism in the mind of a museum trustee, as occurred during the Whitney's recent "American Pop Art" show.) There is a similar urban primitivism in the Who's appropriation of repellent vital images, a confidence in the strength of material derived from lurid folklore.

The Hairy Who's is an art based on low sources: hard-sell ads, supermarket handouts, newspapers like the *National Enquirer*, and the so-called Tia Juana bibles (pornographic comics of the 1930s and 1940s). Popular culture is treated as a carnival of outrageous gestures, episodes and slogans; an eloquence based on anti-elegance. Nutt in particular is a fabulist of ads for muscle-building and underwear and cures for varicose veins and body odor. He laces his pictures with words as coarse and robust as the titles of the old Tia Juana bibles, of which a typical example is "Ophelia Pratte Presents Dildo Dooley in 'Idle Moments'"; or headlines like this from a recent newspaper: "Sex Killer's False Teeth Found in Woman's Flesh." Nutt takes low-down narrative of this kind and condenses it in a pungent imagery in which everything stretches, curdles, sweats or collapses.

The debt of the group, especially Nutt's, to comic books is not limited to iconography but extends to matters of format. Among the group's best work are their own comic books, two called *Hairy Who*, *The Portable Hairy Who*, and *The Who Side Show* (inexplicably omitted from the bibliography of the Nutt catalogue). In these comics the group took possession of the low elements of commercial art and savagely parodied the sources they consulted. Their annexation of comic book form was shared by other artists at the time: it was part of a desire to extend the limits of art into temporal, sequential forms and hence beyond the all-at-once spatial configuration of Abstract painting. There was *C Comics* (1956), drawn by Joe Brainard, *Grope* (1964 and 1966), drawn by Peter Forakis and others, and *The Blown Mind* (1966), by Dean Fleming and Phyllis Yampolsky, out of *Grope*. But these are all black and white, and for all the wit with which serial forms are manipulated, nothing matches the sharp color allied to manic energy of the Hairy Who comics.

The comic books were ebullient personal expressions of the artists which stayed close in form to their sources in low culture. In some cases it is possible to compare drawings and paintings of the same subject. In Nutt's case, for instance, "Miss Sue Port" (1967), which is at the Whitney, is perhaps more tough as a drawing than as a painting. The inscription that reads "itches off your waste" in the graphic version is rationalized to "inches off your waste" in the painting. The grossness of the drawing is not suppressed in the painting, but is embedded in elaborate patterning. As Whitney Halstead points out in his catalogue essay, Miró is an influence on Nutt but I prefer Nutt's forms when they have a naturalistic banality rather than when they are stylized and hemorrhoids become biomorphs.

The paintings on plexiglass that Nutt did in the 1960s, though more ornate

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than the graphic form of his images, retain a formal correspondence with pop culture. The glossy surface and slippery color resemble the display panels on pinball machines that flash to signal the score. However by this point one senses a common factor in Nutt's imagery, an odd weighting of his scatology in the direction of the recent past. The low culture, for all its barbarity, has a period charm. The designs on pinball machines are not new but appealing for their perpetuation of jazzy archaisms. Raw images of the he-man are as dated as the garter belt worn by "Miss Sue Port" in the original drawing (she has a more surgical kind of garment in the painting). The considerable achievement of Pop Art was to absorb sections of the daily world into works of art. The quotidian is there in Nutt but he converts the daily world into a nostalgic one. Thus for all their initial kick, his paintings are like souvenirs. Instead of topicality, as Pop Art defined it, we have nostalgia masquerading as ugliness; Nutt's theme is the quaintness of dirty Americana.

That my impression of softness behind a hard front may be the case is suggested by Nutt's latest work. The color is dim and poignant and the images enframed in elaborate borders done in pointillistic dabs, like a Lucas Samaras chair. Fussy irregular edges and pictures that stand up like framed family photographs, seem only cute "bad" taste. On the whole it seems to me that Nutt's best gifts are graphic; his drawings reveal him better than his paintings. The biting draughtsman however has become a surface decorator. The sense of pastoral (i.e., appreciation of the vitality of the low) implicit in Who imagery, has softened; the brassy has become fey. □

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Two and three-quarters hours with Ingmar Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage* taught me a livelier respect for psychoanalysts. This must be the sort of material that washes through the minds of those attendants at the couch, hour after fifty-minute hour. How they stand it I don't know, except, of course, that they may be sustained by the hope of doing something to help. We in the audience can only passively endure the appalling information.

Scenes from a Marriage is probably Bergman's most subtle (though, paradoxically, least complex) film. It is the slow unfolding of what prevails behind the surface amenities of the marriage between Marianne (Liv Ullmann) and Johan (Erland Josephson). Since each of these evidently intelligent, adequately successful, reasonably honorable people is deeply neurotic, the record of ten years in their steadily disintegrating but never-terminated relationship is as convoluted as a conch shell. Ever itching, only momentarily satisfied, they circle each other in humiliating scenes that become more excruciatingly predictable with each accumulated episode. They love each other —at least, I know no other word for what they feel—but theirs is a disease of love, compounded of self-loathing and mutual exacerbation, and it is a testimony to their twisted toughness that neither of them is quite destroyed by it.

As the years pass, as they separate, take new partners (unseen by the camera), come together and burst apart again and again, they grow in knowledge of each other and of themselves. But the terror of it is that knowledge does not seem to confer wisdom, nor understanding, peace. The picture takes leave of them when they are on an up curve, momentarily sustaining each other, clinging to the illusion that they have finally met; and if you have been observing Marianne and Johan with any real attention, it is a moment to make you weep.

All this is exhausting, few films are more so. It wears you down, partly by its technique. Made originally as a five-hour television serial, and edited by Bergman to its present theatre length, *Scenes from a Marriage* is composed almost entirely of intense close-ups—faces so immediate that you flinch from their breaths. It is distressing to be that near people, as it is distressing to have their confidences thrust upon you. And the closed, tight chamber of the picture, the almost complete absence of any other persons to ease the pressure, steadily raises the seeming temperature until it literally becomes an effort to breathe.

It is an exhausting picture also because it would be a lucky man—and I presume woman—who could preserve his detachment from these proceedings, confident that he was immune to the infantilisms of a distorted ego. Bergman is shrewd and unsparing, Ullmann and Josephson have the courage and the talent to be explicitly shameless, and the malignancy in question is widespread.

As I watched, I began to reflect on how one avoids this sort of emotional squalor; or how, having fallen into it, one recovers one's dignity and kindness. I decided that a sense of humor—more precisely, a sense of the ridiculous—is the effective purge. Then I recalled that during all his career Bergman has shown a deficiency in this respect. He understands hectic gaiety, boisterous laughter, but true merriment seems to escape him.

That very lack, of course, adds a powerful thrust to the present film—these two people take themselves with a passionate, unswerving seriousness that dooms them to torment. Only a dolt could bear up under such unrelieved sobriety on the topic of his own emotional well-being, and these two are anything but dolts. So I went from the theatre acknowledging that it had indeed been a recognizable afternoon in hell, but not one that inevitably awaited all the brothers and sisters of Bergman's sufferers. And thanking fortune for having taught me to grin.

I believe I've made it plain that *Scenes from a Marriage* is brilliant. What it attempts is to give you the raw data out of which all narrators of human imperfection describe how men and women manage or fail to cope. I prefer the dramas to the psychiatrist's log—they are richer, more evocative and stay with you longer. Nevertheless, this film is a formidable accomplishment. □

ECHOES OF MADNESS

For years we intended to wreck
our unsound old barn
and bury its creaking

nails and rusty hinges;
then one hot July night
it happened . . .

just as I had dreamed:
the sheriff came
with a full moon

and two sweaty deputies
looking for a man gone mad
and a taken girl

thought to be, or as they
said, allegedly, hiding
in our moonstruck barn.

And they were.
With many difficulties
and negotiative yells

the man was taken
and the girl driven slowly home.
That was five years ago.

Yet sometimes late at night
echoes of a mind unhinged
still ring oddly

in the far gone barn
now talking softly to the girl
now yelling obscenely

from the half-off hayloft door.

Michael Niflis

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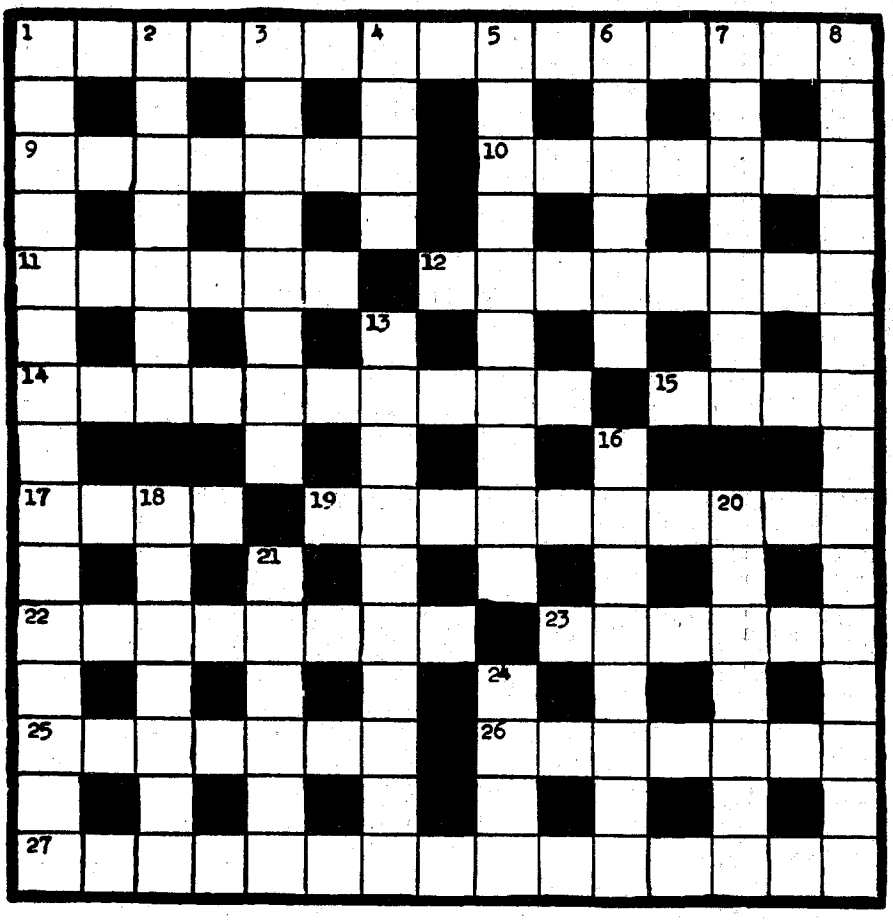
Crossword Puzzle No. 1554

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Jefferson, Nixon, together with Truman might be representative of the common man. (3,4,3,5)
9 They might sound like an idle type, but they stay with some people. (7)
10 Associated with the head of the B & O, one hears. (7)
11 A mis-step in our country proves bothersome, obviously. (6)
12 Monomania. (4,4)
14 Try the stairs—if there are bugs, they may show up here. (4,6)
15 Start back with the French look, if you're interested. (4)
17 Takes in 90° at 180° (4)
19 Showing similarity in form could make 100, Mr. Chips! (10)
22 Perhaps coincides with where the napkins should go. (8)
23 Still being carried? (6)
25 One hasn't made light of such things. (7)
26 Aswan, perhaps, sounds an old-fashioned lot! (7)
27 Manage to take the head of the spy ring for a walk? (8,7)

DOWN

1 Discover the book as a way to increase output? (4,2,3,6)
2 Is a most unusual setting for certain political adherents! (7)
3 In an accident, if you can, name the person responsible. (8)
4 Smack, commonly. (4)
5 It's crazy in an old-fashioned way, but everyone is out with it. (6,4)
6 A musician sounds something of a crank! (6)
7 Highlanders might be, even if sober. (7)
8 Being sworn to secrecy, this might show mild surprise. (3,5,3,4)
13 This step is said to be awkward for what the Prodigal Son does. (10)
16 Silent partner in the van? Quite the opposite! (5,3)
18 Tyranny is supposed to, confronted with banners. (7)
20 Riley was such a poet. (7)
21 Uncle Richard is at heart a religious man. (6)
24 Like some of Keats' poetry? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1553

ACROSS: 1 Broken English; 9 Retch; 10 Took cover; 11 Alfalfa; 12 Antonio; 13 Nines; 14 Reinstall; 16 Onslaught; 18 Women; 19 Noddies; 21 Plodder; 22 Emptiness; 23 Gelid; 24 Home Sweet Home. DOWN: 1 Bargain counter; 2 and 20 Out of one's depth; 3 Exhales; 4 Extra; 5 Go on a diet; 6 Incites; 7 Haven; 8 Brooklyn Bridge; 14 Registers; 15 Armadillo; 17 Animism; 18 Wrought; 21 Paste.

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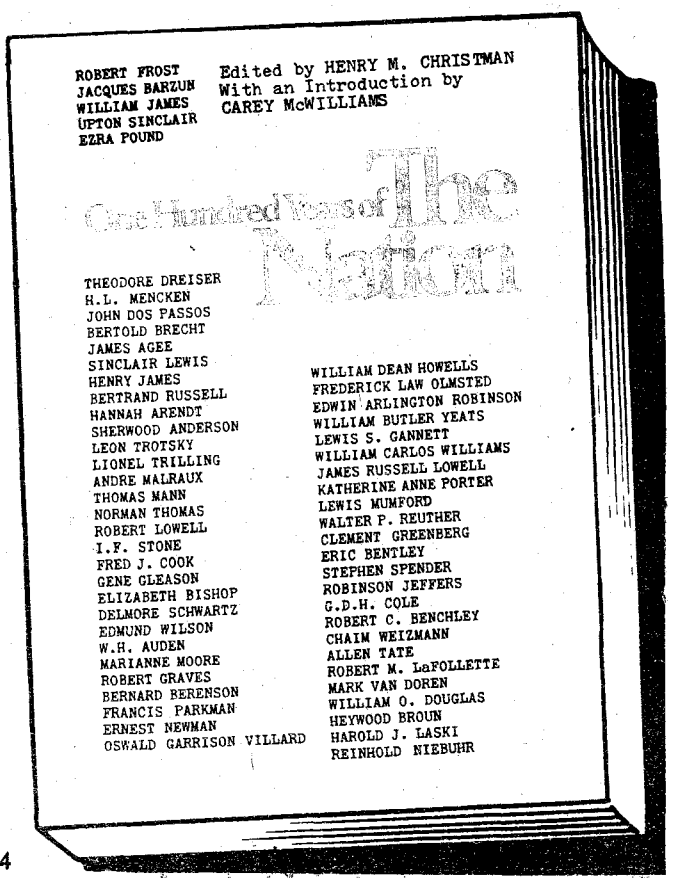

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